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## BURKE, THE SLOGGER;

OR,

## THE DAUGHTER OF MIDNIGHT.

### A TALE OF MYSTERIES OF CITY LIFE.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

A WAR OF WORDS.

"Poor Hugh has been so alarmed about you, my dear."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I said it was very foolish of him, and that you were quite safe."

"I left word where I was going."

"Ye-es, dear. That is, I think you meant to do so. You did not leave any address where to find you."

"There was no occasion to come in search of me, was there?"

"I really can't imagine why."

"Nor I."

"Only you know how fidgetty Hugh is about you."

"I did not know it."

"Dear me, didn't you? However, he is, my dear, and so he would go——"

"He did go, then?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Well, we had the greatest trouble in tracking you, I can assure you; and if it had not been for my maid, who met the landlord, or the ostler, or the potboy, or something dreadful, from the 'Crooked Billet,' I think it was, we should never have learnt the truth."

Mary sat silently, her eyes fixed upon her foe. Lady Clavering smiled more sweetly than ever.

"So Theresa told Mr. Hugh."

"Told him what?"

"Where you were."

"Where was that?"

"At this 'Crooked Billet.'"

"And he went there to find me?"

"Yes. I told him I thought you would be vexed."

"I am very vexed that he should have had a useless journey."

"Were you not there?"

Mary looked at her coldly, as her only reply; then taking up her embroidery, stitched away as though her whole mind was in that innocent occupation. She was thus employed when her husband returned. He came into the room heated with his walk. Pale as death, but greatly agitated, struggling violently with his emotion. He was very much surprised to see his wife.

He had burst into the room, and cried out, "She wasn't there," before he caught sight of Mary, seated.

Then he stopped suddenly, and blushed, and stammered. But his confusion gave place to his wrath, and he asked sternly, "Where have you been, Mrs. Clavering?"

"Been?" replied Mary, calmly.

She had made up her mind to play a desperate game—to play it at all risks.

"Yes, been?" he repeated. "Why have you been out of the house again at this unseemly hour?"

"Out of the house!" said Mary, opening her eyes.

Lady Clavering opened hers too, in astonishment.

"Out of the house!"

"Have you not been out of the house?" cried Clavering, impatiently.

"No!"

"No?"

"No," repeated Mary, calmly. "Why?"

"I was told you had gone out to see some one who was ill at the 'Crooked Billet,'"

"I intended to have gone, but I changed my mind."

"You did not go?"

"I thought that it would have displeased you."

"Ye-es, and—and so——"

"And so I did not."

"Then where have you been?"

"In my own room."

"In your own room?"

"Why should you be surprised?"

"Have you been there all the time?"

"Almost ever since we came in."

The husband was confounded. He looked despairingly at Lady Clavering, as though for assistance, but she did not appear at all inclined to come to his rescue. She herself almost had a misgiving. Perhaps Mary might, after all, be speaking the truth. She could scarcely believe it possible, false as she was herself, that any one could thus brazen out a deliberate falsehood. Had she, after all, been mistaken? Had Mary really been in her room—in the inner room, watching her poking and prying among the cupboards? Overhearing the conversation between her and Theresa? But no; if she had, when she had found that letter she would have rushed out upon them. No. What she said was untrue. The thought of the letter at this moment occurred to Hugh, and he broke a silence of a few moments' duration, which he had occupied in pacing slowly from one end of the room to the other. Pausing suddenly, he said, 'This must come to an end. I cannot bear this suspense any longer. Lady Clavering, you found a letter, you said, appointing an interview with my wife at the 'Crooked Billet.' Is that true?"

"Yes," said Lady Clavering, coloring.

"Who was it from?"

"I—I do not remember."

"That does not matter, though. From the nature of that letter you supposed that my wife was carrying on an—an intrigue."

"There could be no doubt of it."

"And you found this letter——"

Now it happened that her ladyship had so mixed up one falsehood with another, and so perverted the truth respecting the letter she had discovered, that she could not for the life of her recollect where she had said that her maid found the paper, and although she might easily have called her, she stammered for a moment, thrown off her guard by this trifle. Mary perceived her hesitation. She was not slow to take advantage of her enemy's weakness.

"Yes," she said, "where did you find it? In my room, I suppose?"

It was, of course, a guess. She had no idea where her ladyship had found it. She had no idea, for that matter, what had been found. But the abrupt question confused her enemy mightily. Ready as she was upon some occasions with an apt falsehood or equivocation, Lady Clavering, if once thrown out, was unable to recover her self-possession. She was for a time completely nonplussed. Hugh, closely observant of all that passed, was not slow to observe this, and a momentary reaction was caused thereby in favor of his wife. Mary, still holding the ground which she had gained, continued:

"It is easy to imagine that her ladyship would be unwilling to inform us how she obtains her evidence. We know already what kind of person she selects to be her accomplice."

Lady Clavering trembled with rage, but vouchsafed no reply.

"We know from her own showing that she plots with her servant to effect my ruin. She does not hesitate, sir, to make your dishonor subject of conversation in the servants' hall. If you can believe what comes from such a source, you are at perfect liberty to do so."

Lady Clavering sprang to her feet, pale and furious.

"Either this woman or I must quit this house at once."

"It is your ladyship's house," said Hugh, "and it is our place to go."

And he moved towards the door. Lady Clavering stopped him though before he reached it.

"I always thought you were weak," she cried, with a shrill laugh; "but I never thought you to be so weak as this. However, it is no affair of mine. I read the letter, and I know from its contents what is that woman's character."

"What is this letter of which she speaks?"

Not having seen it, Mary was altogether at a loss to imagine where it could come from, and was in her heart trembling with fear and apprehension. Hugh, in a few cold words, explained what Lady Clavering had stated to be its contents, and described the appearance of its exterior. But Mary listened in amazement, as well she might, seeing that no word of what her ladyship had said was true. What was this letter, she could not imagine; and although her thoughts strayed to the loss of the very epistle, and the anxiety which it had caused her, owing to her ladyship's perverted account, she could not realize the idea of these being one and the same document.

"Did you read it?" she asked suddenly of Hugh.

"No," he answered.

"And you have only her ladyship's word for its truth?"

"Her word and her servant's——"

"Her servant's! A valuable testimony!"

Hugh was silent for a moment. He was more than half convinced of his wife's innocence, and yet there was an uneasy feeling in his mind. He did not know what to think. Lady Clavering saw his hesitation; she might have said more now, had she chosen; some women less artful would have done so. She, however, preferred to strengthen her cause by silence; she said nothing, therefore, only laughed sardonically, and turned away. Outside the door, Mary took her husband's hand.

"You do not believe what she has been saying of me, do you?" she asked, appealing to, and with tears in her eyes.

But he drew back from her coldly.

"I do not wish to believe any ill of you," he said; "but until I have been able to satisfy myself that there is no truth in what she says——"

Now it was Mary's turn to draw back defiantly, and her eyes flashed scorn and contempt upon the speaker.

"He thinks me base enough!" she muttered to herself.

But then the thought of all the miserable falsehoods and deception that she had practised came suddenly upon her, and, as it were, crushed her down with its weight. She turned from him in shame and grief, when she looked up again he was gone; then, with tottering footsteps, she crept up-stairs to her own room. Lilly had in the meantime returned, and gained the bedroom unobserved. As Mary entered she came forward unobserved to meet her.

"Oh, thank heaven, madam, you have come back safely! You—you are not suspected?"

But Mary, without replying, sank sobbing upon her bed.

D. G. WALDRON. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

"Oh, heaven help me?" she cried in her bitter agony—"heaven help me!"

### CHAPTER XXXV.

UPON THE BRINK OF CRIME.

"Dear lady!" the poor girl said; "it breaks my heart to see you grieving so."

And kneeling by the bedside, she sought to take the cold white hand in hers, which was relinquished with but a faint struggle, and lay there passive through long hours of bitter misery. Through long hours to come, poor Mary sobbed and wept with passionate vehemence. For a long while all Lilly's efforts at consolation were unavailing; and it was only, at last, when worn out by violence of her emotions, that she became calm enough to listen to the poor girl's soothing words. But this time did come at length, and the rich lady wept upon the other's breast, and poured fourth her sorrows to her new-found friend.

Meanwhile, Sir John had returned home from London, where he had that day been employed as chairman at the meeting of a public company to which he belonged; and when told of what had occurred, insisted that his son and his son's wife should not leave the house until next morning. Therefore Mary lay undisturbed; and though she hourly expected to receive a message from her husband, none came. When day broke, Mary, from the effects of the miserable night that she had passed, was feverish and ill. Her head ached intolerably, and she could not, without a violent effort and excruciating pain, raise it from her pillow. Thus she lay in a passive state, careless of what happened, and waiting for her husband's orders. No orders came however; and at last, Mary thought it advisable to write to him a note to inquire what were his intentions. He came to see her in reply, and coldly told her that they would not be able to start until ten o'clock that evening. In the meantime it would be advisable for her to remain in her own room. When he had gone, she lay back her weary head once more upon the pillow, and her grief burst out afresh. All the happiness of her married life was gone now. She could see that a dark cloud had risen up between her husband and herself. A dark cloud which would remain until the end of time.

Hugh had always been somewhat cold towards her since the very early days of their marriage, when, in an awkward, cumbersome way, he had played the lover, doling out his kind words and caresses as though they were gems of countless price, and she the most fortunate of living women to receive them. After all, too, her married life had never been very happy, but it was better than what had preceded—better than the hard and wearisome life in the convent, which she had given up for it—far better than the squalid misery of that awful time gone by, the particulars of which will in due time be related to the reader. Here, indeed, from early childhood, had been an unhappy life, the bright days in it coming but at rare intervals, divided by much irksome misery and heart-breaking sorrow. And now she lay sobbing upon her bed, in dire dread of more misery in store for her. Alas! she knew not what misery. Had she done so, it is probable that she would have at once put an end to a life that had been such a mistake, or would have gone mad perchance. At any rate she would not have dared to have faced the horrors coming upon her. But it is fortunate, my brothers, that we know not what is coming—that we are ignorant of the end to which we are fast journeying. Even at this moment some of us may be close to it, never dreaming that it is so near. And it will come upon us without preparation. After a while, her agony of mind wearing her out, she fell asleep, and in a few hours awoke, somewhat refreshed. The time had not yet arrived for her departure from Sir John's house. Lilly, at her direction, had been employing herself in packing up a few things which were necessary for the journey.

When Mary awoke, the girl was busily at work, and she called her to the bed-side, hurt and annoyed at what she thought was selfishness on her part—that she should have allowed the girl to work whilst she slept, when Lilly was probably more weary than she was herself.

"Come here," Mary said kindly; "I am sure you must be fatigued. Come and sit by my side for a while, and rest yourself. You look very weary; will you lie down? No? Then talk to me; one of the servants shall finish the packing. Do you know, I have taken a great fancy to you, my dear? What is your name? You shall live with me if you like, for I am sure you are a true, good girl. Tell me your story."

They sat together with their hands clasped, and Lilly, urged by the gentle words addressed to her—the kind eyes looking full into hers so full of interest and sympathy—told the history with which we are already acquainted; to which sad story Mary listened in silence, horrified at some portions, melting into tears at others.

But when she came presently to mention the name of the street in which the wicked old woman lived who had so ill-treated her, a strange interest arose in Mary's face, and she hung eagerly upon each word the poor girl uttered.

"What was the name of this woman?" she asked.

"Crowe."

"Crowe! Good heavens, it must be the same!" she muttered. Then, after a pause, "Did you ever hear her speak of your parents, child?"

"Very rarely."

"And then she said——"

"That they were rich people."

"She never told you their name?"

"No."

"You never heard it?"

"No, not that I remember."

Mary sat silent for awhile, and then abandoning the thoughts upon which she had been dwelling, said: "Go on, child. How did you come to leave the woman?"

Then Lilly related the occurrences of the last night she had spent at Mrs. Crowe's, and described the fight between the stranger and the man Burke, dwelling upon the conduct and appearance of the former with such enthusiasm that Mary could not help smiling.

"He seems to have made a great impression upon you—this handsome unknown?"

Then Lilly stammered and blushed.

"N-no!" she said.

"Oh, don't say that!" said Mary. "I am certain you love him. Pray, have you seen him since?"

"Yes."

"How often?"

"Once only."

"When?"

"Last night."

"Last night—where?"

"At the 'Crooked Billet.'"

Mary blushed suddenly; then as suddenly turned pale.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "Who was it?"

"It was the—the——"

"Well?"

"The person you went to see."

"The man with the beard I was talking to?"

"Yes."

Mary Clavering was silent for a moment, her cheeks blushing, her eyes downcast; then seizing the girl by the hand, she cried, "For heaven's sake have nothing to do with him! You know not what a bad man he is! I will tell you some day what misery he has caused me!"

The conversation ended here, nor was it renewed all day. In the afternoon, Mary, seeing her companion gazing longingly from the window, suggested that she should go out for a short time and take the air. Lilly went, therefore, into the garden, and strolled down to the river-side, but she had not been gone long when she returned again, pale and trembling.

"What is the matter?" asked Mary.

The girl placed a letter in her hand.

"It is from *him*!" she said. "He called to me over the wall, and bade me take this to you and place it in your hands."

Mary took the letter from her with a blush, opened it with trembling hands, and read its contents with wide, glaring eyes. When she had finished, she folded it up again carefully. Her face was deadly pale this time. She rose from the bed where she had been reclining. Her face, though pale, betokened determination—desperate courage.

"I am going out," she said; "I am going out to meet this man. If any one asks you about me, say I am in the garden." She put on her hat and cloak slowly. "Heaven help me!" she muttered in an audible whisper; "heaven help me and keep me from temptation, for I am sorely tempted to take this man's life!" and then, without saying any more to her companion, she passed slowly out of the room and cautiously descended the stairs.

When she was gone, Lilly stood rooted to the spot, trembling with terror, torn with jealousy. All at once a piece of paper lying on the floor caught her eye. It was the letter! Mary had let it fall, thinking, no doubt, that she had placed it safely in her pocket. Lilly picked it up, and tearing it open, read with flashing eyes these words:—

"Come out at once. I have waited all day. You will find me by the river-side, on the left of the garden, at the back of the ruined boat-house. Fail not to come and to act fairly, as I would act by you, or I may force my presence upon you, and in the character of *lawful husband*, claim you in some new home.

"ARTHUR WILDRAKE."

The letter fell from Lilly's hands. She stood a moment irresolute; then she made up her mind she would follow and watch.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

STRANGE BEHAVIOUR OF A JACKDAW.

No! There never was such a bird as that jackdaw. Never!

But there are some jackdaws who, if they get an inch given to them, set about, straightway, taking any number of ells. And one of these incorrigible birds was certainly the feathered favorite belonging to the serving-boy of that wicked old Jew, Solomon.

"Belong to," I said; but certainly that is rather an exaggeration—for if there was any proprietorship in the case, it was decidedly on the bird's side; and Sampson belonged to the bird, and not the bird to Sampson. It was all very well for Sampson to make rules and regulations, and lay down laws, with the delusive hope that they would be abided by. The jackdaw snapped its claws at him, and had it all his own way—not coming when he was called, unless it was his good pleasure to do so—sometimes all day long maintaining a gloomy silence, only to break out into cheerfulness in the end of the night; being very objectionable, in fact. Since that night when he broke prison, and walked up-stairs, to Sampson's infinite terror, the goings on of Mr. Jack had been most outrageous. He broke prison, now, continually. He hit upon a dodge for unsnacking the windows, perfectly satanic in its artfulness. He used to take walks out of doors and he worried a wretched dog next door well-nigh out of his life.

Mr. Jack used to wait until it was poor Bobby's feeding time. Then when the dog was served with his dinner, he would hop off the wall-top, from which he had been watching, and bite the end of Bob's tail. Bob, in a fury, turned round and made a rush at him. The bird would then fly a few yards away; Bob would follow. The bird would lure him on, but when he had got the silly dog up to the other end of the yard, as far as possible, then he displayed his cunning. Of a sudden he would fly back, clutch a bone, or the largest morsel of meat, and fly frantically to the top of the wall. Frantic howls and yelps from Bob when he found himself sold. Loud and prolonged cheering from Mr. Jack as soon as he had gorged the stolen dainty. It did not do him much good, though, mind you, in consequence of his gulping it down so greedily; and often enough this wicked robber was doubled up by indigestion, and was miserably ill in his bedroom, and in the sink. Besides these journeys out of doors, now he had found the way, he was for ever roaming over the house; and though Sampson left him, as he supposed, safe under lock and key in the back kitchen, twenty minutes afterwards he would be poking his black bill into some forbidden hole or corner, where, by so poking it, he ran a terrible risk of coming to grief. And very often, when Sampson and his master were sitting alone in the small room behind the shop, the boy, with his heart in his mouth, heard Mr Jack racketing among the old bottles, and his blood froze in his veins when he saw Solomon cock his head on one side to listen. Nor was this the worst; for Mr. Jack, having added a new word to his vocabulary, was in the habit of tapping on the counter with his bill, and calling "Shop!"

Then, when this summons was responded to, he hid himself among the rags, and chuckled slily at the trouble he was giving. Trouble it certainly was; and the wrath of the old Jew against the street boys, who he supposed were having a lark with him, was very terrible.

"Who does it?" Solomon asked his boy fiercely—"who does it, I say? You're in the conspiracy. It's some of your blackguard associates!"

And then, with a fearful oath, the old Jew swore he'd lie in wait for them, for which purpose he selected a nice jagged piece of wood, with a rusty nail in the end, and screwing himself up in a horribly cramped attitude just inside his shop, waited until his legs were full of pins and needles, when he gave his vengeance up for a bad job, and thrashed Sampson instead. The biro, of course, never called while the Jew was by; but so sure as he was comfortable in the back room, with his pipe or the paper, a shrill cry of "Shop!" summoned him from his enjoyment. Once or twice the Jew rushed pell mell out, without a moment's delay; and tearing through the shop into the street cuffed and boxed unmercifully any boy he found within twenty yards of his establishment. But rushing out thus once or twice, and finding no one, he came back very thoughtfully, with a kind of awe in his face, and retired slowly to his back parlor, with a nervous glance at the dark corners of his shop.

"It's nothing human!" he said, one day. "I've heard tell of these things before, but never believed 'em! I've been an awful old wretch in my time, and it's a summons! That's what it is—it's a summons!"

Upon the strength of this the old Jew took an extra allowance of alcoholic stimulant. But these innocent pranks, which, if not too clumsily related on my part, may perchance cause the reader to smile, were a cause of the most painful anxiety to the bird's owner. That Jack became a perfect imp of mischief. He took to lighting lucifers—he had always before had a great fancy for eating them; and they are uncommonly unhealthy if taken in large numbers. He hit them now whenever he found them—sometimes suggesting "another pipe" when he did so. Sometimes, when more convivial than usual, proposing that Sampson should join him in making a night of it. He did not forget that adventure of the stolen letter, and more than once was peeping into the old Jew's mysterious room when its proprietor was transacting his private business within. After the Jew had left the room, too, he would go in and make searches. He never, however, to the boy's knowledge, found anything of any value, except, by the way, a small box containing three or four pills, all of which the bird swallowed, taking afterwards a portion of the box-lid by way of relish, but without manifesting subsequently any unpleasant symptoms, which proved that he would have been a great patron of the medical profession if he had been a person of means instead of a poor jackdaw belonging to an errand-boy in the service of a rag and bottle shop-keeper. He was of a very wandering disposition, this bird, as I have shown; and it was this trait in his character which led to a discovery on Sampson's part of certain circumstances I am now about to relate, and caused him to overhear a certain conversation which led to great results in the fortunes of persons connected with this history. One night—the night on which Mary Clavering had had the interview with the handsome stranger in the small river side tavern of the "Crooked Billet"—Sampson woke up shivering. He was very cold. That is to say, colder than usual—for you may be sure that his back kitchen bedroom was none of the snuggest. He was colder than usual; and he therefore came to the conclusion that the door had come open, and the wind was blowing from the cellars on to his bed. He got up to shut the door, but before doing so, looked about for the jackdaw. That profligate was not to be found, of course. He must have gone up-stairs, then, or down stairs. If up-stairs, he might fall into the hands of the Jew, in which case, his moments were numbered. The Jew and the stranger had gone out early in the afternoon. He had said that the boy need not sit up for them, as they might not return until late, in any case they should not require his assistance. The boy had little enough sleep at any time, and he did not therefore argue the point. He was glad enough to sneak off early. He went to bed that evening not very long after it was dark, intending to have a good long night with the black beetles in his cheerful bedroom. The consequence of his retiring thus early was that, by midnight, he had had a longer night's rest than he was accustomed to. At half-past one o'clock in the morning, the old Jew and his companion returning home, the slamming of a door up-stairs awoke the boy. He started up in bed, and shivered in the draught from the open door, then rose, as we have seen, to look for the jackdaw. Then went in search of it. He ascended the stairs very quietly. He did not dare, as yet, to call out "Jack," because, as yet, he did not know whether or not his master had returned home. First of all he must ascertain that fact, if he did not chance by the way to come upon the fugitive. Arrived at the top of the stairs, he was not very long in doubt about his master's return. A light was streaming through the keyhole of the back parlor, slanting obliquely across the passage floor to the spot where he stood, pointing like a finger at him. Sampson stopped short abruptly, and was about to retrace his steps, not daring to proceed further with his search. But as he turned, something he heard from the parlor arrested his attention. He turned again. Listened. Became enormously interested in—fascinated by—the conversation going on within. Finally determined to hear and see all he could. Therefore crept on tip-toe to the keyhole, and fixed his eye to the opening.

"Know enough of my secrets to hang me, man!" screamed the old Jew. "Half the secrets of yours which I know would hang you!"

"What do you know?" asked the stranger, with a sneering laugh.

And it was to hear what these secrets were that the boy felt anxious.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE KNIFE.

In the small room into which Sampson was peeping through the keyhole, the Jew and the man who had signed himself Arthur Wildrake sat drinking. They had, by the look of them, both been drinking a good deal before this. Now they had only just come in, and had sat down at it once more, as though the night were yet young. The Jew had kindled a small fire with two or three sticks, and placed a kettle upon the top of it. And he was kneeling down in front of the stove, waiting for the kettle to boil. The man who called himself Wildrake was sprawling over three chairs, with his waistcoat unfastened, his hair very rough, and his neckerchief awry. A very disreputable and profligate looking person, but handsome still. Rather a wicked face, but not altogether bad. Flushed and swollen, as it seemed, by drink, but not quite brutal. As for the Jew, he was always so squalid, so dirt-engrained, so unsightly. Drunk, he could not have looked much more objectionable than when sober. His emotions would have had to struggle hard to show themselves through the grime. He certainly looked very horrible, now, poking his great red nose into the fire—the fire-light gleaming in his bloodshot eyes. He had not taken off his hat when he came in. It was pressed low down on his head, and appeared as though it would have sunk down altogether, and have extinguished him hopelessly, had not his great ears, sticking out on each side, propped it up. His clothes were wet by the rain, and they dried and smoked upon him without his appearing to notice the circumstance. He was warming his long, skinny hands; and his thin fingers, each furnished with a great black nail, were stuck out like birds' claws in front of him. He was pulling away at a pipe that had gone out some time ago. He held it upside down without noticing it. He swayed to and fro a little, and now and then butted at the fire with his hat. It was not difficult to see that the Hebrew gentleman had had more than was good for him. He was inclined to be quarrelsome, it appeared.

"Oh," said he, in a snarling tone, "so you want to know, do you?"

"Want to know what?"

"What?"

"Ah, can't you hear, stupid?"

"Yes," said the old Jew, "I can hear, and can see!"

"Can you?"

"Yes I can!"

"Oh!"

"And I'm not quite as stupid as you think!"

"I don't think about the matter!" replied Wildrake, yawning.

"I'm sharp enough for you, at any rate," continued the Jew; "and I tell you I know enough of your secrets to make you smart!"

"Well, let's hear some of them."

"In the first place, Mr. Selby, I know——"

"In the first place, you're wrong at starting; for my name doesn't happen to be Selby."

The old Jew stared at him hard. Then laughed.

"What's in a name?" said he. "If you've changed it, it doesn't matter to me. If you're afraid of the old one, what's the odds? I don't care!"

"But, you see," observed his companion, lighting a pipe, "I don't happen to have changed my name; and you happen, all along, to have labored under a very considerable delusion."

The old Jew, thus addressed, got on to his feet. Then leant over on the table, and gaped at the speaker in astonishment.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"I mean that I'm not the man you take me for."

"Not Selby?"

"No."

"But you said——"

"I said nothing."

"Well, you said nothing when I said you were; and that's the same thing."

"You may call it the same thing—I've no objection."

"Confound you! Who are you, then?" screamed the old Jew.

"My name is Wildrake," replied his companion. "You never asked this before, or I should have told you."

The Jew pondered for a while in silence. He was too tipsy to collect his thoughts suddenly. But when he had collected them, he cried out, "You're not that woman's husband then after all?"

"Not I!"

"You're the man that was transported with him?"

"Exactly!"

"And her husband——"

"Is dead."

"Where?"

"In Australia—in the bush."

"And——You are certain?"

"Quite certain. I was with him when he died."

"Then we have no hold over her at all."

"Not much."

"And she has seen you and knows what I told her was a lie?"

"Precisely."

"Then—then the whole thing is blown! I—I——A thousand devils!"

And the old Jew went stamping up and down the room, tearing handsfull out of his ragged head of hair.

"Don't excite yourself," observed Mr. Wildrake, with a sneer. "What's the matter with you?"

"What's the matter? You must be a born idiot not to see the mess you have made of the business!" the Jew retorted, savagely. "When I had got her so completely in my power—when she was as good as an income to me!"

"Was she?"

"That she was! And then you spoilt it all!"

"Ah!"

"And why? That's what I want to know!"

"Ah! Why?"

"Yes—why? What have you gained by it?"

"Nothing as yet."

"And what do you suppose you will?"

"I don't know."

"I should think you didn't! You've spoilt the whole affair, I tell you! She'll never believe any more I say to her; and if you had only kept out of sight, although you weren't really her husband, we might have made her believe you were, and it would have been nearly as good."

"Better you know; for if I had really been her husband, I might have wanted all the money that was to be got out of her, mightn't I? Ha, ha!"

The old Jew looked blank.

"As it is you see, supposing I felt inclined to join in your rascally schemes, we might share together more fairly."

"Do you mean to take me into partnership?" asked the Jew, very humbly, to all appearance, though inwardly trembling with rage.

"Well," said Wildrake, spreading out his legs, "I don't see much point in it."

"Oh!"

"Not now."

"Not now?"

"What good would you be, you see? Besides, we have different objects in view."

"Oh, have we?"

"Yes, rather."

"What's yours then, please?"

"Well, mine are not of the mercenary character that yours are."

"Ain't they?"

"No! And so after thinking the matter over, I have come to the conclusion that you had better leave Mary Clavering alone, or—or I shall have to make you."

"You think you can bully me, do you?"

"I don't want to talk about bullying, Mr. Solomon! I only offer you my advice. I should advise you to leave her alone—if you don't want your head broken!"

There was nothing at all jocular in the expression of Mr. Wildrake's countenance although he spoke in a tone which might have been taken for humorous by the third person. The Jew hardly seemed to understand his meaning. He took a seat silently at the other end of the table and mixed himself a glass of grog. He eyed his companion cautiously, and appeared to be turning over in his mind what Wildrake had said to him. He did not, however, venture upon any remark, and supped his liquor in silence. Wildrake also helped himself to grog very liberally indeed, lighted a fresh pipe, and sprawled over the chairs, as though the place belonged to him. He certainly made himself quite at home.

"Have you any more tobacco?" he asked, after a while.

"No" replied the Jew.

"Any more spirits?"

"None."

"It's getting late, I think?"

"I think so."

"I shall turn in, then."

There was only one candle, and he took this up as he spoke.

"Do you mind being left in the dark?" he asked.

"Oh, no!"

"All right, then!" and he moved towards the door.

Then the Jew looked up, and said, "Are you thinking of staying in my house—much longer?"

"No, no; only a day or two."

He walked away with this, grinning to himself. The Jew left behind, smashed his teeth, and shook his fists in impotent fury.

"He thinks to twist me round his thumb!" the old man muttered to himself; "but he'll find his mistake—he'll find his mistake!"

The boy had made his escape before Wildrake came out from the room, and had stolen down stairs again to his underground bedroom. He was very much interested in what he had heard, although a great deal of it was unintelligible. Still he could make out one thing very well—and that was, that the mysterious midnight visitor was the object of their dispute—for Cleverley was, he recollected, the name which that letter had borne that he had picked up after her departure. As he was interested in what he had heard, it was not to be wondered at if Master Sampson did his best to hear more. He, therefore, all next day, kept pretermaturally watchful, and was almost as cunning as his own jackdaw. No great reward, however, resulted from this activity on his part; and next day slowly wore away without his having learnt anything. Throughout the day, though, he had noticed the old Jew secretly watching the other man's movements, secretly scowling at him, mouthing at him sometimes when Wildrake's back was turned. It was not very difficult to understand that, if that old Jew could safely have taken his dear friend's life without any fear of ulterior consequences, he would not have been unwilling so to do. They were never very long together alone during the day; and when they were, the boy was always on the watch, and always had eyes and ears well open. But the conversation of over-night was not resumed in his hearing. At last evening drew near. At five o'clock Wildrake rose suddenly, knocked the ashes out of his last pipe and pocketed it. Then, putting on his hat, lounged towards the door.

"Going out?" said the Jew.

"Yes."

"Be long?"

"Hour or two."

"Going far?"

"No."

"Going there?"

The conversation thus carried on with as little waste of words as possible seemed doomed to come prematurely to an end at this moment, for Wildrake moved towards the door without replying. The Jew, however, caught him by the arm and jerked him backwards.

"Are you going there?" he asked.

"What's that to you?"

"Are you going to see her?"

"What's that to you?"

"Everything to me! Look here, my fine fellow! You think to make a catspaw of me, and throw me over when you've no more use for me! You shan't—you shan't!" and the old Jew stamped his feet and screamed with rage.

But Wildrake paid no attention to him, and walked forward through the shop, and out into the street. The old Jew allowed him to depart without making any further effort to detain him. When Wildrake had gone, he sat down to the fireside, hugged his knees and bit his nails—a very horrible old object to look at. The boy, peeping round the corner from among the rags and bottles, watched him curiously. After a short time, the Jew rose to his feet and paced the room to and fro with angry strides; then dropped as if he had been shot, into his chair, and went on biting his nails furiously. Not for long though; in a few moments he was again upon his feet, tramping backwards and forwards, gesticulating, mumbling, and rolling his bloodshot eyes. He stopped as suddenly again, though, before he had taken many turns. He unlocked a drawer in an old chest standing in the corner of the room, and took something from it.

The boy, still peeping round the corner, stared with all his eyes. It was a knife. A pocket-knife—one of those French ones, with a long, glittering, dagger-blade, which springs out murderously bright when the handle is pressed, ready to stick at anything or into anybody. The edge of this bloodthirsty blade the old Jew passed along his finger. The point he gently pressed against his thumb. An awfully villainous and sinister expression crept over his countenance while thus engaged, which made the boy's blood run cold, although he could form no idea of the thoughts passing through the old Jew's mind. Sampson watched him, though, place the knife carefully away in the breast pocket of his coat, then prepare himself for going out. As he came through the shop the boy was very busy with the rags and bottles, and the Jew was obliged to address him twice before he heard him, and answered.

"I'm going into the City if anyone comes to ask for me," said Solomon. "Don't forget—into the City. You needn't sit up, and be care you shut up early."

With that he took his departure. But instead of going into the City he went straight to Richmond by the omnibus. Nobody did come to ask for him after he was gone. The boy shut up shop very early, indeed, so that he might spend a nice long evening with his jackdaw. He had rather an easy time of it lately, or there had been very little work done either in the rag and bottle way, or in the mysterious packages department. Both business were clearly going to the dogs; for the old Jew had so much to occupy his attention out of doors, he could not attend to them. What was the new business which now occupied him, and which that new glittering knife played a part? As he stood at the shop door the last thing before shutting up for the night, he turned the matter over in his mind, and could come to no satisfactory conclusion. He turned his eyes towards the east, and saw there a dull, brown sky. In the west the sky was of lurid hue. There was a great fire burning somewhere. He came in, after staring at the reflection of the conflagration for a few minutes, silently. He called to his jackdaw, and the two took supper together; but somehow the bird was as gloomy as he was—a dread of something indescribable sat heavily upon their hearts, and weighed them down. The supper was a mistake, and there was no conversation afterwards. Even though the bird proposed "another pipe," he did it without any of the joviality which usually characterised the suggestion; and as Sampson did not respond, he remained afterwards obstinately silent. The boy went early to bed, but could not sleep, and tossed and tumbled on his miserable bed. A little after midnight he heard the door above open and shut. Then the footsteps of the Jew. He had returned alone. Where was the other man? What made the boy's blood run cold, and caused him to lie quaking in bed? He could not help thinking of that glittering blade, and the awful look upon that devilish face hanging wolfishly over it.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### THE TRYST OF DEATH.

All her life through she had been a victim. She had never had a fair chance. Never, as others had, had she had an opportunity of being happy. Poor Mary, when at home, she had been cruelly treated by her stepmother; and her father, weak and easily led against his own reason by the woman who ruled him, refused to take her part, or help her in any way against the tyrant. It was in consequence of the unhappy state of things at home that she had married hastily a young, handsome, ne'er-to-do-well of the name of Selby—a gay fellow, with no particular talents or industry; with nothing, indeed, to begin life upon but his expectations. The worst of the business was, that the expectations could not be turned to immediate account, except among the bill discounters, and this source failed in time. Then something must be done to "keep the pot boiling." Perhaps it is not very surprising that as up to now he had never been able, by any possible amount of ingenuity expended, to keep himself, he should not now be able to keep a wife also. This young man of great expectations got into difficulties. In an amazingly short time he got into bad company and into bad habits. A dear friend of his, by the name of Wildrake, led him on to his ruin; then pointed out his folly to his wife, and made love to her under the rose. A consummate scoundrel, this Wildrake, who desired nothing better than to get the poor fool and dupe safely shipped off beyond the seas. Somehow or other, though, unfortunately he shipped himself in the same cargo, as we have seen, and Mary was left without a protector. I need not enumerate all the details of her bitter struggles. I have already briefly sketched out her life, and that must suffice. She had married a rich man, whom, perhaps, she did not love very much. She had told a few white lies about her first marriage and the ultimate disposal of her first husband, whose death as an escaped convict in the bush she changed to something much more respectable, I have reason to believe. These, then, were her crimes, none other. Her life had had its follies, its faults, but no crimes. Hers had been a hard and bitter struggle with the world. She had fought the battle bravely, though, and having at length achieved wealth and position, was endeavoring, as I have shown by her acts of charity, to make herself beloved by all who knew her. Alas! she was not successful in her endeavors. She made, instead, some bitter enemies among her own sex. But even these she might have triumphed over, perhaps, in the end, had not this hateful Jew put in his claim upon her purse, and threatened by his extortionate demands to ruin her. Even he, though, might have been paid off perhaps; but this other villain—this Wildrake—how was he to be dealt with? You can easily imagine the state of mind of the poor hunted, harassed woman driven into a corner—driven to desperation. If her foes would only have given her time—if they had only come one at a time—she might have dealt with them perhaps. But they came upon her all at once. They crushed her! What could they expect? Were they not mad to treat her so, if their object was to cause her to agree to their proposals? How could they suppose that she could be thus ever ready at their beck and call? How could she attend at all these secret interviews without being discovered? Did they reflect upon the difficulties of her position? Did they care what she suffered? And then came the thought it was not Wildrake's object to wring money from her purse. He would not care were her reputation sacrificed! On the contrary. When she reflected on all this, was it to be wondered at if the long slumbering rage should have swollen within her bosom and risen up into her throat as though it would have choked her? The mildest and most enduring creature upon earth must have a limit to their patience—an end to their power of suffering. And why should she endure? Why should she submit to these wretches' importunities, impositions, threats? Was she not submitting, though, in going to see this man to-night? The thoughts of this caused her to halt suddenly in her rapid course, and hesitate whether or not she should proceed any further. But the hesitation was but momentary. She had better go on—better see him this once—this once and only this once—and she would tell him that she would submit to his order no more. She would tell him that she hated him and defied him, and if ne annoyed her still in spite of this, what should she do? The hot blood rushed up into her face; she clenched her teeth savagely. If he annoyed her any more—if there was no way of silencing him—if she could rid herself of him in no other way, she would kill him! Could it be murder to kill such a man as that—to rid the world of such a wretch? And she looked darkly down upon the river at her feet, and round upon the still meadows, and thought for a moment what a place it would be to commit a murder in! Then, as rapidly dismissing the thought, she looked around for the man she had come to meet. She had reached the boat-house by this time, but as yet could see no one. He might be waiting upon the other side. It was nearly dark now. The water looked very cold in the grey light, the long rank grass very green. He was not upon the other side of the boat-house either. She all at once began to feel very lonely and very much frightened. The place was awfully still, and there was a hush in the air in which she heard her own heart throbbing. The door of the boat-house was standing ajar, and she pushed it open and looked in. But she scarcely had crossed the threshold when, with a deadly terror, she reeled back again before the sight of a prostrate form lying upon the ground. It did not require a second glance to see that it was a corpse, nor to see that it was the man whom she had come to meet. But while she was hesitating what to do, and was creeping involuntarily forward towards the dreadful spectacle, a shadow darkened the doorway behind her. With a shriek she turned.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHAMPIONSHIP HAND BALL MATCH.—$100 a-side are now up between Barney McQuade, the champion, and Tom Cook, of Brooklyn, and the excitement is on the increase, with McQuade the favorite in the betting. On the 10th of July, the remaining $200 a-side will have to be put up at Cook's Hand Ball Court, 73 York street, corner of Green lane, Brooklyn. The match is fixed for July 20.

# NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1865.

## To Correspondents.

HUMPHREY MELLWOOD, Baltimore.—1. No teacher's recommendation could get you the leading business at any first-class theatre. 2. Do not know the lady's present whereabouts. 3. CLIPPERS of that date cannot be obtained. 4. You can get a copy of *Bell's Life* from Willmer & Rogers, corner of Liberty and Nassau streets, in this city. 5. The gentleman will not "star" next season. 6. The Surrey, Marylebone, and Pavilion theatres are on the Bowery style. 7. Stars go through all the business of the scene at the last rehearsal. 8. It depends entirely upon the piece played and the theatre. At some establishments an actor has the part of a new piece in hand for one or two weeks, and then again he only has one day for another part. An actor with a bad memory had better go to shoe making.

B. T.—1. The lady had appeared with the Campbell & Castle Opera Troupe. After leaving the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, she appeared in New Orleans and then at the Griswold Opera House, Troy. 2. Has appeared at Barnum's, but cannot give you the date. 3. There will be many changes in the companies of both theatres. 4. We are not advised as to the precise future movements of Mr. Owens when he returns from Europe, except that he intends visiting many of the principal cities on a starring tour. His engagement in London was for six weeks only, with the privilege of extending it if agreeable to both parties.

INDIANAPOLIS.—1. You can procure a printed copy of the 'Ticket of Leave Man" from S. French, 122 Nassau street, in this city. The drama of "Ambition" or "The Tomb and the Scaffold" is in MSS. and probably cannot be bought. "Waiting for the Verdict" is in MSS. and can be obtained from Mr. French. "Belle of the Season" is the property of Matilda Heron Stoepel. 2. What you state is often done, but you had better begin at the lowest round of the ladder and work your way up.

MOSE, Troy.—1. Toney Denier, of Barnum's, has two legs, but is doing the one legged dance. Morelci Navoni, a legitimate one legged man, did the dance at the Varieties, and Manuel Donato was at the Hippotheatron. 2. Spalding & Rogers' Circus is not traveling at present. 3. Cannot send a CLIPPER of any issue in 1862.

SPARTACUS, Chicago.—1. Mrs. Kean was born in Lancaster Building, London, Dec. 18/5. Charles Kean was born at Waterford, Ireland, Jan. 18, 1811. 2. Mrs. Siddons was born July 16, 1755. 3. Edmund Kean was born Nov. 4, 1787. 4. Doran's Annals of the Stage is the best work on the English stage.

BUCK EYE, Springfield, O.—1. Ethan Allen was hitched along with a running horse when he made his fast time, 2:19¾. 2. George N. Patchen was a trotting horse. 3. Bonner drives his double team, Lady Palmer and Flatbush Maid to a road wagon; his grey mare, Peerless, he also generally drives to wagon.

T. R. S.—1. It was at the Montgomery (Ala.) Theatre, that the lady sung the Southern Marseillaise and danced upon the American Flag. 2. Burton, to the best of our know'edge, never played Caleb Plummer. 3. The lady's biography will appear in our next. Not married. 4. Such a book will be published shortly.

CROMWELL.—Maturin, the dramatic author and clergyman, was not expelled from the church for writing a play. He preached within a year of his death. A bet cannot be given up upon the *belief* of the one who gives a decision.

F. W., New Rochelle.—1. Dan Kerrigan never fought Jimmy Elliott. 2. Will ask him next time we see him. 3. The Tom Secor who fought Yankee Sullivan is dead, we believe. 4. You don't intrude.

SMIGGIE, Albany.—A man can win on a sure thing, providing, of course, it is not founded on a fraud to which the person who bets thereon is a party; or, in sporting parlance, that it is not "a put up job."

PATRON, Portland, Me.—"1. At a public regatta is it allowable for a crew to enter one boat and then pull another boat? 2. At a public regatta is it allowable for one crew to enter two boats, and *pull* either one they choose?".....1. No. 2. Yes.

S. J. C., Dubuque, Ia.—1. We have no record of 99 birds out of 100 having been killed in a match in England, nor do we believe it was ever done. 2. The subscription to *Bell's Life* varies with the price of gold; that to the CLIPPER is $5 per annum.

D. R., Franklin, Pa.—The fastest mile time is that of Legal Tender, 1:44. 2. It is said that Hegira, at New Orleans, ran a mile in a two mile heat in 1:42½, feather weight, but this is not generally regarded as authoritative or reliable.

F. H., Cincinnati.—If you order the work you mention, through Willmer & Rogers, corner of Nassau and Liberty streets, New York, you will be able to get it, as well as the revised rules of Marylebone Cricket Club.

R. K.—1. Barlow's mile time, 4:36, is the best made in America. 2. Wm. H. Boyd, the North Star, made the best walking time here, 6:42.⅞3. Beer is not allowed in training for a foot race.

C. B. J., Stratford, C. W.—We do not know where Tecumseh is at the present time. 2. Pocahontas' quickest pacing time was 2:17¼.

M. McD. AND J. S., Harper's Ferry.—The Persia, Cunard steamer, made the fastest trip between New York and Liverpool, viz., 9 days, 1 hour, 30 minutes.

A PHILADELPHIA KILLER.—1. Jim Dunn challenged all America on his return from England. 2. He did promise to give Elliott a chance to get hunk. See Ring Department.

C. H. M.—Both lose, as neither Mr. Scallan or Mr. Chester played the part. Harry Hawk played Asa Trenchard when the assassination took place.

H. B. J., Albany.—We do not know where you can procure the poem, unless Mr. French, play book publisher, can obtain it for you.

A BELFAST MAN.—Bill Davis, who fought Jim Dunn, did fight and defeat Jack Smith, who made a drawn battle with Tommy Truckle—it took place in Peru, South America.

W. M. B., Washington, D. C.—"A, B, C and D are playing Euchre; A turns it down; B makes it, goes alone, and is euchred. What does it count against him, two or four?".....Two points only.

G. L. C., Washington.—It is a matter of opinion altogether as to who is the best female jig dancer. Both of the ladies you mention are good.

BUSINESS, Philadelphia.—The lady at last accounts was at Louisville. She will travel as a star next season. By watching our dramatic summary you will see the lady's movements.

E. K. N., West Cornwall.—Legal Tender made the best running time, mile heats, in 1:44; Flora Temple the best trotting time, 2:19¾.

W. B., Woodbury, Ct.—1. Charley Westhall, nor any other man ever walked eleven miles inside the hour. 2. Lovejoy's or Power's Hotel would suit you.

H. A. F., Pittsburgh.—The firm you mention is still doing business in this city.

ALBERT, Providence.—Lady Suffolk's best time was on the Cambridge Course, Boston, 2:26.

ALDEN SEABLES, Ellisburgh, N. Y.—According to Hiram Woodruff's own account, he is now in his forty-eighth year.

H. F., Harper's Ferry.—A man can win who bets on a certainty, so A loses.

W. R. B., Annapolis, Md.—The Presidential vote in New York city in the late election was, McClellan, 73,709; Lincoln, 36,681.

C. J. H., Marlborough.—Our advertising terms are 12 cents per line each insertion.

T. C.—1. Indian Clubs are the best. 2. Fowler & Wells, Broad way, can supply you with what you want.

C. LA ZELLE.—The lady lives with her mother in 54th street, near 6th Avenue.

T. B. MACE, Lafayette, Ind.—He has not—at least "not as we knows on."

TOLEDO.—Wood's Minstrels do not occupy the building known as "444" Broadway.

ENQUIRER, Philadelphia.—He is with a minstrel company in the West Indies.

W. H. A., Baltimore.—He is traveling with a side show attached to Seth B. Howe's Circus.

PETE, Philadelphia.—Kitty played at Frank River's Melodeon in your city.

GERMANTOWN.—Ben Caunt never fought Yankee Sullivan. *Bob* Caunt and Sullivan fought, the former being defeated.

A. B. P., Fort Wayne.—There is no checquer player who will bet that he can beat *any* body on the terms you mention.

CONSTANT READER, Philadelphia.—A brief advertisement in the CLIPPER will be the best means of disposing of them.

G. W. H., Washington.—Music Hall items are just as acceptable as those appertaining to the drama.

USELESS, Boston.—If success be any criterion—Adah Isaacs Menken.

CELT, New York.—The Red Jacket made the quickest passage from New York to Liverpool, 13 days, 1 hour, 25 minutes.

ANXIOUS.—The lady is eighteen years of age next October. Has been on the stage about five years.

MICHIGAN.—We really cannot say, you had better refer your question to a lawyer of your State.

C. W. C., Portsmouth.—1. Certainly a man can win who bets on a sure thing. 2. Lady Fulton trotted 20 miles within the hour.

BASE BALL, Portland.—All right, send them along, but write on one side of your paper only.

W. J. D.—Yes; see reply to C. W. C.

H. H. M., Washington, D. C.—He is not dead.

GEORGE, Cincinnati.—The advertisement comes to $3.

STAFF OF LIFE, Madison, Ind.—Michael McCoole was his name.

C. A. S.—Ada Tesman is at the Canterbury, Washington.

N. C. R., Milwaukee.—Tom Thumb and party are in London.

RIFLE SHOOTING.—On Tuesday, June 27th, the members of the Philadelphia Rifle Club proceeded to Washington Retreat, near Philadelphia, where their practice grounds are located, passing the day in rifle practice, for prizes to the best shots, in accordance with an annual custom. The day was remarkably favorable for firing, being exceedingly clear and free from wind. The members did not turn out as strong in numbers as was anticipated, there being but twenty-six present that engaged in the contest, which was, however, none the less spirited. The principal prizes consisted of silver ware, fine cutlery and valuable works of literature. There were two targets, at the distance of one thousand feet, the other five hundred feet. There were in all about twenty-five hundred shots made, resulting in three hundred and fifty-seven bull's eyes, with three hundred and eighty-three points, the latter made upon the short range target. Of the three hundred and fifty-seven bull's eyes, fifty eight were made upon the long range target of one thousand feet, the prizes being won by the following gentlemen, in the order named: Messrs. Siegrist, Anschutz, Joerger, Schmid, F. Langenheim, Wurflein and Audibert. The remaining two hundred and ninety-nine bull's eyes were made on the short range target, by gentlemen, in the following named order, viz: Messrs. Storm, Kalk, Kolb, Schmid, Joerger, Joseph Roehm, Ourt, Audibert, Fleischman, Wurflein, F. Langenheim, Mund and Parbs. At the close of the day's exercises, which continued from eight A. M. until six P. M., with an intermission at noon for dinner, the company sat down to a substantial collation with numerous lady and gentlemen friends.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS, is the title of a parlor novel by Mrs. Gore, a distinguished authoress, recently published by F. A. Brady, No' 22 Ann St., N. Y.; 8vo., 188pp., price 50cts., in paper.

## THE FOURTH.

As we go to press a little in advance of our usual time with this edition, we cannot say how our 4th of July celebration has passed off, but from the extensive preparations made, it will probably be one of the greatest holidays ever known here. Although efforts have been made to make a two-day affair of it, yet is doubtful if the people care much about any other day except the 4th. The city is already rapidly filling up with our country cousins, and strangers from abroad who have heard so much of the way we do up. "Independence Day" in the Metropolis. Although fire crackers and such things are a trifle in advance of previous prices, yet the banging of guns, and pistols, and cannons will make up for any lack of the Chinese shooter. The military parade promises to be large, while the display of fireworks by the city will no doubt far outshine all former exhibitions.

OFF.—As it is unfashionable to remain in the city after the 4th, we may now look for the usual summer exodus, and the filling up of the various watering places, seaside resorts, mountain fastnesses, and rural retreats. How much real comfort and enjoyment these absentees may experience by their change of base is another matter; but with the exception of those who take things easy in the mountain regions, or those who rough it at the country resorts, we question if anything is gained by the exchange of a city residence for a sojourn away from home. One of the most laborious occupations indulged in at the fashionable resorts is that of dressing, the fashion requiring that you should change your harness at least half a dozen times a day. Save us from all such "enjoyment." For real comfort, when absent from home, dress in your second best, in something that you can move about in easily, and roll on the grass in if you feel like it. We see indications that even our fashionables are beginning to understand this fact.

VIGILANCE COMMITTEES.—There has been such lawlessness among the rowdy element in and around New York of late that the residents of some of the suburban towns talk seriously of organising vigilance committees for the protection of themselves and property, and the punishment of the disorderly characters who have recently set all law at defiance. It is to be hoped that no such extreme measures may be necessary; but certain it is, that, if the police prove insufficient to prevent riots and robberies now so frequent, similar scenes to those enacted in California during the reign of the Vigilance Committee, may probably be witnessed here. We never knew of such a rowdy reign of terror as exists among us at present; men are knocked down and robbed in broad daylight, garroters embrace you regardless of law, shooting and stabbing are of almost hourly occurrence, and burglaries were never so frequent. The police will have to be on the alert, or the people may create a Vigilance Board of their own.

BALL PLAY ON THE FOURTH.—Should the weather prove favorable on "the glorious Fourth," the various base ball and cricket grounds in the vicinity of New York will be thronged with the devotees of these health-promoting pastimes. Two base ball matches will be played at Morrisania; three at Bedford, L. I.; three at Williamsburgh, L. I.; two at Newark, and seven at Hoboken, N. J. There will be no set matches at cricket, we believe; but on each ground club matches, such as first eleven against the field, etc., will be played. In Philadelphia, no less than five base ball matches, and, we presume, any number of cricket matches, will be contested, all of which, no doubt, will be witnessed by crowds of spectators of both sexes. We wish them all a jolly good time. Reports of most of the matches will be given in the succeeding issue of the CLIPPER.

A BIG BOAT RACE.—Jimmy Hamill, the Champion Sculler, having been unsuccessful in his efforts to get on a match with Gil Ward, the latter "backing water," a couple of four-oared crews have arranged a match which promises to create an unusual degree of interest in boating circles. This match is between a New York four and the celebrated four-oared Poughkeepsie crew, and the stake at issue will be six thousand dollars, quite a clever prize for the winners. The race will take place at Poughkeepsie on the 18th of July. There will be a vast assemblage present to witness such an exciting contest as this promises to be; if the day is fair, the race will be well worth a journey to see.

CRUELTY.—It is quite true that a merciful man is merciful to his beast; and equally true that a cruel man is cruel to his beast. Recently a wager of $1000 was made in the pious city of Boston, that a certain-named horse could go from Boston to Portland between sunrise and sunset. The distance between the two places is 112 miles. The horse started from Boston at sunrise on the morning of June 28, and had made 110 miles considerably inside of time, when he fell down dead within six miles of Portland. The owner of the poor beast loses both wager and horse by his cruelty, and the general verdict is, "served him right!"

TRAITORS.—Our "neutral" friends in London, who so ably espoused the cause of the Union by fitting out rebel privateers, and investing their spare funds in Confederate bonds, are very anxious that Davis and all other leading traitors should be let off without punishment. *Of* course. See how magnanimous Great Britain acted towards *her* rebellious subjects in India—she let *them* off at the cannon's mouth.

FIRE!—The old fire department having been put out without much damage, some of the boys are laying for the new machine, hoping to kindle a spark of enthusiasm in that board as soon as they "ring in." Let the boys have a chance in the new department by all means.

PHILADELPHIA RIFLE CLUB.—This body of sharp shooters had their annual target practice on June 27th. In the evening, a number of prizes were distributed among those making the best shots. A very pleasant day was spent by the shooters and their friends.

THE MARTYR'S MONUMENT, being the patriotism and public wisdom of Abraham Lincoln, as exhibited in his speeches, messages, etc, from the Presidential Canvas of 1864 until his assassination. Published by the American News Co., Nassau St., New York.

CURIOUS.—The London papers are cracking up a Mr. Russey because he has invented "buttons for trousers that never come off." We don't care a button about inventions, but we *would* like to know whether it's the buttons or the trousers that never come off.

No Go.—The scheme to pay off the national debt and deprive us of a "national blessing," has, we are gratified to learn, slipped up, and we are therefore likely to enjoy the aforesaid blessing for some time to come. Oh! halle—oh! halle—hallelujeum!

THE LIFE, CAMPAIGN, and Services of Gen. Grant, 12mo., 270pp., has just been issued by Peterson Bros., Phila., at the low price of 75cts., paper cover. F. A. Brady, 22 Ann St., is the New York agent.

STRANGE.—It is something remarkable that, in the recent race for the Gold Cup, at Ascot, the horse Victorious not only did not get the Cup, but was the last horse in coming in. See account of race in another column.

ANDREW JOHNSON, Seventeenth President of the United States. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, have published the Life, Speeches and Services of Andy Johnson, with a portrait, at 75cts., paper cover, and $1 in cloth. 12mo,, 214pp.

"HOW TO MIX DRINKS."—Watch the operations of our young bloods when on a bender, and you will soon learn. For a sequel, call on them the next morning.

## PIGEON SHOOTING.

### THE MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA

#### AND TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS.

On Wednesday, June 28th, the great pigeon shooting match for one thousand dollars a side and the Championship of the United States, between John Taylor, of Jersey City, and Fred. Erb, of Lafayette, Ind., came off at the last named city. For many years Mr. Taylor has been regarded as the crack pigeon shot of America, having always been open to accept any challenge, and has shot and won more matches than any man living. Mr. Erb has always enjoyed a high and wide spread reputation in the West as an unerring game shot and first class pigeon shooter, and his friends entertained so high an opinion of his merits as to induce them to match him against the Eastern knight of the trigger for the above amount, to shoot at fifty double birds each, out of a spring trap, to come off on Wednesday, June 28th, at Lafayette. There was a very large attendance of spectators present, many of them having traveled from considerable distances to witness the shooting. The betting was very heavy, many thousands of dollars being dependent on the result of the match. For some days previous betting had been $100 to $90 on the Western man, but on the day of the match most of the money was invested at even. The delegation of Eastern sports which accompanied Mr. Taylor, backed him to win a heavy stake, Messrs. Martindale and De Motte being the principal speculators. We learn by telegraph that, on his 38th round, Mr. Erb resigned the contest, finding he could neither win or tie; he killed 34 out of 36 double birds. Mr Taylor, the winner, killed 57 out of 40 double birds. We shall give the full score next week.

DOUBLE MATCH AT HAND BALL—REPLY TO MCDONOUGH.—In answer to James McDonough, of 734 South Sixth st., Phila., offering to back a couple of young men of that city with any other two in New York State, Barney McQuade, of Emmett Hall, East 12th street, called at our office on the 1st inst., and left $25, to make a match according to McDonough's challenge, for $100 or $200 a side in each match, which best suits him. The names of the New Yorkers are Arthur McQuade, and Stephen Murphy, aged respectively 18 and 16. The first match to come off at Barney McQuade's, 263 East 12th street, on the 1st of August, and the second at any time to be named by McDonough, in the Quaker City.

## THE RING.

### THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

### Nobody Cares to Tackle the Young Giant.

DUNN FIGHTS SHY OF ELLIOTT.

*COBURN DECLARES HIMSELF OUT OF THE RACE.*

JIM DUNN'S $2,000 CHALLENGE
TO ANY MAN IN THE COUNTRY IN 1864.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN NOW AND THEN.

*ELLIOTT'S OPINION OF DUNN.*

DUNN'S RESPONSE THERETO, AND PROMISE TO MEET ELLIOTT IN THE RING AGAIN, WHEN OUT OF TROUBLE.

WILL HE KEEP THAT PROMISE?

DESPITE all the talking and bantering, three weeks have elapsed and not one of our big fighters has shown the least disposition to answer Elliott's extraordinary challenge, and unless some one does so he will be justified in signing himself Champion of America. As we promised to review the whole case, fairly and impartially, in this week's issue, we will proceed to do so.

When Elliott fought Dunn, public opinion was about equally divided as to the right or wrong of that fight, concerning the way it was decided, and still continues so to be, Elliott's friends asserting that Dunn was not down, but leaning against the ropes, not even having his hands on the ground or being upon his knees, and therefore that no foul could be committed under such circumstances, while Dunn's partizans take precisely the other view of the case, and were willing to swear early and late that he was down when Elliott struck, which afterwards proved, that unfortunate blow. With men willing to take their oath both ways, it was a pretty knotty question to decide, and all we have to say is that time no foul had been committed, and it was the referee's duty to have overlooked the first unintentional one and waited until something more palpable and transparent had occurred before deciding the stakes away.

After this battle plenty of talk was indulged in about a fresh match, but nothing came out of it, and affairs gradually quieted down until the arrest and imprisonment of Jimmy Elliott, for his fight with Dunn, made match-making altogether out of the question, and then it dropped altogether. When Joe Coburn went over with the intention of fighting Jem Mace in Ireland, Jim Dunn accompanied him, and while on the other side the water, seeing challenges from Con Fitzgerald and others offering to fight any man in America, he returned in post haste, and in a few days after his return, left the following card at our office and $200 with it, as an earnest of his intentions:—

408 COLUMBIA STREET.
Brooklyn, Aug. 26, 1864.

ED. CLIPPER—Sir: During my absence in England and Ireland, having noticed several challenges from men apparently anxious for a fight, and seeing no matches have yet come out of them, I waived the privilege of waiting to see my friend Joe Coburn fight Jem Mace, on purpose to accommodate some of those who have figured so conspicuously in the newspapers. I am now prepared to make a match with any man in the country, regardless of height or weight, in three or four months from signing articles, for $1000 a side, and have this day deposited the sum of $200 at the CLIPPER office to let the sporting public know that I mean what I say. When this amount is covered, I will meet my opponent at any time and place to make the match and increase the deposit. My money to remain down one month, to enable any one feeling so disposed to accept of the challenge.

Respectfully yours, JAMES DUNN.

At that time, our readers will perceive, Dunn was anxious to have a tussle with anybody, no matter who, and if he challenged any man in the country then, it looks very strange, now that he has a chance to distinguish himself where he didn't then, he doesn't avail himself of the opportunity and have a try for the Championship. It couldn't be that he put that challenge in because Elliott was powerless to act, for no man of honor would stoop to such a questionable procedure, and we think that Dunn really meant all he said. Certain it was, nobody responded for a whole month, and Dunn stock ran up amazingly; with the Brooklynites in great ecstasy at their young Champion's pluck. A few months afterwards an article appeared in one of the local papers reflecting on the Elliott and Dunn affair, which brought forth a letter from the Incarcerated One, which we have reproduced as it appeared in the columns of the CLIPPER at the time:—

A PROTEST FROM JIMMY ELLIOTT.—In regard to certain statements that have been made reflecting upon him, Jimmy writes us a letter dated Trenton, Dec. 21, 1864, in which he says: "Mr. Editor—Allow me to say, through your paper, that I saw in the *World* of Dec. 16th, a paragraph, of which I have no doubt but that Gibson was the author, relating to the fight between Dunn and me. Now every one that saw that fight knows that Dunn did not have a shadow of a chance. I fought him 12 rounds in 35 m., and he never gave me a scratch; and I claim that I was robbed out of that fight. Now, if I was beaten by a man who would not hit me in the face once in thirty-five minutes, how is it that no man in the United States dare fight me from the day I fought Dunn till the day I was arrested, between which events eighteen months had elapsed? Yours respectfully, JAMES ELLIOTT.

Feeling pricked at this manifesto, Dunn came out with a rejoinder, both pungent and pointed. Read, ponder and inwardly digest:—

Brooklyn, Dec. 29, 1864.

*Frank Queen*—Dear Sir: In your last CLIPPER I perceive there is a card purporting to have come from James Elliott, in which it is stated first, that he was robbed out of his fight with me; second, that I never hit him during the 35 minutes that we fought; and third, that he couldn't get any one to fight him for eighteen months. It was not my wish to create any controversy, particularly now that he is unfortunate enough to be restrained of his liberty, but as he has wrongfully commenced the assault, in justice to myself and friends I feel called upon to reply. I will prove that he is wrong in all his statements, in a very few words. First, Elliott was not robbed out of the fight, but the referee awarded me the fight on his striking me a deliberate foul, in which the referee acted according to the rules of the P. R.; second, I had to do all the fighting in his own corner, and had to cal on him in nearly every round to come and fight; if he did not get hit, what drew the blood from his mouth, what closed his eye, or what put the bunch of cherries on his ribs? Let him answer these questions if he can. Third, as to his not being able to get anybody to fight him—when we met at Coburn's, and he said he wanted to fight, I offered to accommodate him for any sum he liked to name, in two months, or for fun, but he replied that he wouldn't fight under four months; I then told him that I had $50 in my pocket, and proposed that he should select one friend and I another, and we could decide the question of superiority there and then, and the best man could have the money, which he also refused to accept—this conversation occurred in the presence of his particular friend, Harris, and he knows my statement to be correct. I have now done with Elliott's letter, and trust the sporting public will excuse me for occupying their attention in this matter, but I couldn't allow such falsehoods to go unanswered; and now that both sides of the question have been heard, I have only to hope that Elliott will soon get pardoned, *when I will give him a chance to retrieve his imaginary laurels.* Yours, etc., JAMES DUNN.

In the above card, it would appear that Dunn would be willing to do almost anything to get on a fight with Jimmy Elliott, by the way he got away with him last time according to his own version of the affair, and if he goes back on his own words, referred to in the closing part of his letter, in italics, then a man's word cannot be good for much. That letter caused Elliott many unpleasant feelings "as in his prison cell he sat," and he has not forgotten it yet if Dunn has, and the only way to settle the matter is by a fair, honorable, manly battle, when, if Dunn gets away with Elliott, or *vice versa*, the long disputed question will be set at rest, and the winner be hailed Champion of America.

The little difficulty up town between Dunn and Coburn, which brought about the challenge from the former to the latter, and an answer the same week, to the effect that he (Coburn) would not fight for less than $5,000 a-side, stopped all prospects of a match in that quarter, as Joe, having a public house and a business to attend to, wouldn't throw it up to fight for no $2,000, and didn't care about fighting anyhow, as he had previously declared himself out of the race, and wouldn't have noticed Dunn's card at all only for the clinch they had a short time previous. It, however, Dunn's friends imagine that he can lick Coburn for $2,000 we don't see why they can't make it for $5,000, as they are too shrewd judges to throw away $2,000 where they might have a chance to win $5,000. Coburn was not particularly anxious for a fight, but he will give Dunn, and Dunn only, a chance just once, for what he said he would.

As soon as Elliott was released, perceiving a challenge in our paper from Dunn to Coburn, and supposing that he was in the field for a fight with anybody, and would certainly give him an opportunity to retrieve his laurels, he (Elliott) called at our office, and actually offered to stake $2,500 to two thousand dollars, so as to induce Dunn to meet him, but after consultation with his backers, they seeing that he had challenged the whole country but a few months previous at evens, it was resolved to take it as such, and Jimmy issued a pronunciamento in this wise;

"I will fight Dunn for two thousand dollars a-side, and so anxious am I to get on a match, he can have his own time to fight in, either in a day, week, or one, two, or three months. If he means what his language indicates he will come to terms at once, cover my money, and give me the opportunity to fight him once more, according to what he promised at a time when I was unable to comply. I wish it to be understood that *I am particularly anxious to have a shy at Dunn in preference to all others.*"

One, two, and almost three weeks rolled on, but still Dunn maintained a dogged silence, refusing to give any reason for not answering his old antagonist. Rumor, with its thousand tongues, was busy concocting stories about the three persons most directly interested. Some said that Dunn refused to fight a man who never won a fight, which was a sick excuse, for that ought to be so much the better for Dunn, as it would be hypercoon for him to fight a man who can get backed for $5,000 to fight any man in the world. Others, friends of Dunn, wanted to know why Coburn didn't fight Elliott, giving no cause for Dunn's not doing so. A third party buzzed around that if Coburn would only fight Elliott, he (Dunn) would have a shy at the winner. All these excuses had the effect of staving off a meeting between the two who, above all others, should meet. We have heard that Dunn remarked that if Davis or Elliott *forced* him into it, he should certainly fight, but it requires the cunning of a Philadelphia lawyer to define the word "forced," as used in this instance—for ourselves we don't see how two men who profess to live by prize fighting can come together only by one challenging the other, and putting up his "sugar" to that effect, which Elliott has done, and more than that no man can do. We do not place credence altogether in these rumors, but from what we know of the staunch manner in which the Brooklyn party stick to a man with money, etc., when they think they've got a "good thing," we are led to believe that if they fancied Dunn against Coburn, they could raise the $5,000 as quick as Joe could, and if they were of the same opinion as when Dun

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HORSE
BITTERS.

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TONIC STIMULANT
IN
LOSS OF APPETITE FROM DEBILITY
OVERWORK, &c.
IMPARTS TONE AND GIVES STRENGTH
TO
THE ACTION OF THE STOMACH,
AND
MATERIALLY IMPROVES THE GENERAL CONDITION OF
THE ANIMAL.

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CHEMICAL ESSENCE,
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IN
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is confidently recommended to the American public as being
THE VERY BEST EXTANT
IN
OBSTINATE CASES
OF
CURBS, SPLINTS, SPRAINS OF THE BACK, SINEWS,
LAMENESS FROM WHATEVER CAUSE,
AND
FOR ALL DISEASES WHICH REQUIRE A SWEATING OR
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IT IS MILD IN ITS OPERATION,
AND
PERMANENT IN ITS EFFECTS,
NEITHER BLEMISHING OR INJURING THE HAIR,
HOWEVER OFTEN APPLIED,
AND
THE HORSE MAY BE WORKED
DURING
THE TIME OF CURE.

For sale by D. BARNES & CO.,
21 Park Row,
12-3m* New York.

Peppard & Co.'s Livery Stables, corner of Mercer street and Grand, is undergoing repairs, and will be ready in a few days to receive a few more boarding horses. Parties requiring first class carriages for Central Park or other purposes, are invited to call and see their stock, which is entirely new. 6-tf

### GREAT TROTTING MATCH FOR $5000,
BETWEEN
DEXTER AND STONEWALL JACKSON,
AT THREE MILE HEATS.
THE HAMBLETONIAN GELDING THE WINNER.

The great three mile trotting match for $5000, between the renowned brown Hambletonian gelding, Dexter, and the famous Hartford horse, Stonewall Jackson, came off on Monday, June 26th, on the Fashion Course, L. I. Dexter, as our readers are aware, has by his deeds on the turf, both last year and the present, gained for himself a great reputation; and although his fame was somewhat tarnished by his defeat by Lady Thorne, the coming "Empress of the Trotting Turf," yet his subsequent victory over the celebrated black gelding General Butler, retrieved in some degree his fame. At the time when the present match was made by Hiram Woodruff, in a moment of excitement, offering to match his favorite, Dexter, against the Hartford horse for $2500 a side, at three mile heats, it was generally considered that he had got the worst of the bargain; so much so, indeed, that the owner of the Hambletonian offered to give the Stonewall Jackson party $750 to draw the match. The latter, however, refused to accept the terms offered, regarding the winning of the race by their horse as a certainty. That they had good, substantial grounds for their confidence, the performance of their horse on this track last fall, amply proves. In his match against Shark at three-mile heats, in harness, Stonewall Jackson won the race in 7:39, 7:39; being the best aggregate three-mile heat time on record; the famous Dutchman's best harness time being 7:42, and Lady Moscow's 7:44¾. Stonewall, in that race, trotted the third mile of the first heat in 2:31, and the third mile of the second heat in 2:30, a performance hitherto unparalleled. No wonder, therefore, that his party, and the public who followed suit, believed they had got a "sure thing" in the present match, especially as Dexter had never gone the distance in public. Hiram, however, persistently maintained that in Dexter he had got a wonderful y good horse, both for speed and bottom, and that he felt assured of beating the great Hartford crack in their coming contest. In this city, as well as in Boston, Philadelphia, Hartford and other places, speculation was very heavy, Stonewall in nearly every instance having the call in the betting. The day was very unfavorable, a heavy rain falling during the morning, and increasing in violence as the hour of starting approached. The track resembled a canal more than a race course, the water and mud being over fetlock deep, and called forth the remark that such a day and track had not been seen since Lady Suffolk and Hector trotted on the Union Course thirteen years before. The race, however, had been made to come off "rain or shine," and the idea of postponement could be entertained by neither party. Had the day been fine, the attendance would have been unprecedently large; as it was, fully a thousand people defied the "pelting of the pitiless storm" in their enthusiastic desire to witness the contest between those two famous trotting cracks.

There had been, for some days previous, extensive speculation on time betting; the well known speed of the two horses inducing many to believe that the great Dutchman's hitherto unequalled record of 7:33¼, which for a quarter of a century has stood at the head of the time record, would be beaten on this occasion. The feelings of those parties may therefore be considered, when the state of the track and the unfavorable day came under their notice. The Hartford party, who had refused $750 to draw the forfeit of $1250 a side, which had been staked, were now anxious to postpone the match to a more favorable day, and at their request Mr. Crocheron waited upon Mr. Alley, the owner of Dexter, to ask his acquiescence in such postponement. Mr Alley at once declared that he preferred trotting on a good day and good track, but when this answer was conveyed to the Stonewall party, they determined to trot the match at once, as they fancied that the heavy track would suit their horse much better than Dexter. The betting showed this impression to be general, for $100 to $60 on Stonewall was the current quotation, taken to a great deal of money.

*First Heat.*—Dexter won the pole. Neither of the horses could strike a square trot as they scored, owing to the irritation caused by the splashing of the mud and water as they came up for the word. After four essays to get the word, they at last got off, Dexter breaking almost immediately, and losing sixty yards before he could be got down. Stonewall passed the quarter pole in 40 secs., trotting steadily, while Dexter seemed to fall behind at every stride. As they paseed the half mile pole in 1.19, Stonewall was nearly one hundred yards ahead, Dexter having broken a second time on the backstretch. The latter improved his position on the three quarter stretch, where Stonewall had been carried off his feet, but was soon steady to his work again, and as they crossed the score on the first mile, he looked all over a winner, and Dexter's backers were despondent. There was little or no change of position on the second mile, Stonewall passing the stand eighty yards ahead in 5.15. The rain was at this time pouring down in torrents, to the discomfort alike of horses, riders and spectators. Passing the half mile pole, Stonewall broke, and Dexter reduced the gap considerably, but went up himself, and the Hartford horse crossed the score forty yards ahead of his opponent, making the heat in 8.02½.

*Second Heat.*—Although Stonewall had got the first heat, yet the backers of Dexter were anxious to increase their investments, and freely bet $40 against $100 that he won the race. They got the word at the third attempt to a good send-off, both of them breaking before they had gone many yards. Stonewall was the first down to his stride, and passed the quarter pole eight or ten lengths ahead in 41¼secs. On the back stretch Dexter settled down to his work in earnest, and closed so rapidly that he was only four lengths behind at the half-mile pole in 1:23. On the three-quarter stretch he still kept up his rapid gait, and carrying the Hartford horse to a break, he took the lead for the first time in the race, amid the loud cheering of his friends. At the score Dexter was four lengths ahead in 2:43, Stonewall breaking twice before reaching the stand. The latter now began to trot very fast around the turn, and was within two lengths of Dexter when he went up again. The Hambletonian gelding was trotting so steadily that his friends offered to bet odds that he won the race. On the back stretch Stonewall broke up, repeating the performance again on the third quarter, making his seventh break in the race. The two miles were made in 5:21¾. Dexter gradually but surely kept increasing his advantage, the gap widening every time Stonewall made a break, and he came on the home stretch full eighty yards ahead. Hiram now took a steady pull on his horse, and he came home a winner of the heat by fifty yards in 8:05¾.

*Third Heat.*—Betting: $1000 to $300 offered in vain; $100 to $20 taken several times. The track now resembled a canal, and the rain, which would abate when the heat was over, fell with redoubled violence when the horses came on the course to start again. Stonewall broke as the word was given, and Dexter quickly following suit, the former opened a gap of ten or a dozen lengths, Stonewall passing the quarter pole in 42½ secs. On the back stretch Dexter began to close up, and was only about four lengths behind at the half mile pole in 1:23. Here the Hartford horse broke, repeated it on the three quarter stretch, and again on the home stretch, thus enabling Dexter to cross the score five lengths ahead in 2:43¾. Stonewall broke repeatedly on the second mile, which was done in 5:35. The race was now virtually over, for Dexter trotted steadily home and was stopped on the score, while Mace could not keep his horse from going to pieces all the way home. Time of the heat, 8:09½. Summary:—

*Monday, June 26.*—Match $5,000, three mile heats, under the saddle.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H Woodruff named br g Dexter, by Hambletonian, dam by American Star | | | 2 1 1 |
| T Carpenter named b g Stonewall Jackson, of Hartford, pedigree unknown | | | 1 2 2 |
| *Time.* | *One Mile.* | *Two Miles.* | *Three Miles.* |
| First heat | 2:39 | 5:15 | 8:02¾ |
| Second heat | 2:43 | 5:21¾ | 8:05¼ |
| Third heat | 2:43½ | 5:35 | 8:09½ |

### THE GREAT STALLION MATCH BETWEEN HARRY CLAY AND ETHAN ALLEN,
FOR TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS.
*HARRY CLAY THE WINNER.*

The match between those two [illegible] stallions, Harry Clay and Ethan Allen, for two thousand dollars a side, best three in five, to wagons, attracted a large attendance to the Union Course on Tuesday, June 27th. Harry Clay, by his [illegible] commodore Vanderbilt early in the present season, had brought himself into conspicuous notice, and induced the well-known horseman, Tom Cregan (who possesses an interest in him along with Mr. Waltermire, the owner of the late George N. Patchen), to match him against the once famous New England stallion, Ethan Allen. The latter is now the property of Dan Mace, who purchased him of Mr. Frank Baker when the latter disposed of his stable of fast horses, previous to his departure for Europe. Ethan Allen first became celebrated by his great matches with George N. Patchen and Flora Temple, some years ago, but has not been on the public trotting track for some time, until his new owner matched him against the black Bashaw stallion, Harry Clay, on the present race. The day was fine, the track in excellent order, and everything betokened a capital race. Hiram Woodruff trained and drove the black stallion, and the superb condition in which he brought him on the course for the race reflected highly on his training skill. Ethan Allen looked too high in flesh, and by no means like the handsome little stallion who distanced Patchen over the Union Course in 2:26 seven years ago. Still he had many admirers who stuck to him for the sake of the memories of his past victories, and the hope they entertained of his ability to add to the number on the present occasion. The betting was alternately $100 to $80 on each, gradually settling down to even money; but just before the race, Harry Clay had the call at $100 to $80.

*First Heat.*—Harry Clay won the pole. A fine, even start sent them off at a rapid rate; too fast, in fact, for Ethan, as he soon broke up and ran. Clay leading him a length and a half around the turn. The black was nearly two lengths in front at the quarter pole, in thirty-six and a half seconds. The pace was increased down the back stretch, and Ethan closed up to the wheel of Clay at the half-mile pole. Time 1:12. Getting into the three-quarter stretch the black stallion broke into a rapid run, and soon opened a gap of three lengths; but when he settled down to a trot again, Ethan was within a length of him. The black led a length on to the home stretch, which he maintained to the stand, making the mile in 2:31.

*Second Heat.*—The backers of Ethan were anxious to get $100 to $80, and they were liberally accommodated. With a level send-off they went away very fast, the black breaking soon after leaving the score and making two lengths by a run, which he held around the turn and to the quarter pole, the time being 36½ secs. Going down the back stretch, Ethan trotted prettily and gained gradually on the black, so that at the half mile pole, which was passed in 1:12, he was not much over half a length behind. Ethan broke up on the three quarter stretch, and yet held his own to the three quarter pole, where, getting up again, and the brush being rather too long for him, he began to give way, and the black left him and came up the stretch a winner by three lengths in 2:32¾.

*Third Heat.*—The backers of the black stallion were now pretty confident of winning, and were willing to lay $100 to $20 on their horse. There was no response, however, to their offers, as everybody saw that the chances of Ethan Allen were gone. Soon after leaving the score, the little bay broke up, but did not lose an inch; then, on the turn, he broke again, the pace or the big black being too great for him. The latter reached the quarter pole in 36 secs., one length ahead of Allen, and opened the gap to nearly two lengths down the back stretch, passing the half mile pole in 1:12¾. Going up the three quarter stretch, the bay began to quit, having had enough of the rate of speed they had been going, and he dropped off gradually until, getting into the home stretch, he broke, and was three lengths behind when he recovered. Clay was then allowed to come along at a moderate rate of speed, and won by three lengths in 2:34. Summary:—

*Tuesday, June 21.*—Match $200, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H. Woodruff named blk s Harry Clay | | | 1 1 1 |
| D. Mace named b s Ethan Allen | | | 2 2 2 |
| *Time.* | *Quarter.* | *Half.* | *Mile.* |
| First heat | 36¼ | 1:12 | 2:31 |
| Second heat | 36¼ | 1:12 | 2:32¾ |
| Third heat | 36 | 1:12¼ | 2:34 |

### TROTTING ON THE HOBOKEN COURSE, N. J.

On Wednesday, June 28th, a purse and stake of $700, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons, came off on the new track at Hoboken belonging to the Hudson Co. Association. Although this course has only recently been devoted to trotting purposes, yet its easy, cheap and convenient access to New York, with its vast sport-loving population, is making it rapidly popular with the public. To secure a continuance of the patronage which it is just beginning to enjoy, we would strongly recommend the managers to study punctuality in the starting of the horses at the hour announced, so as to allow those who go by the train, and they form a majority of the visitors, to return the same way. On the occasion of the two last trots, owing to the late hour the horses came on the track, the races were not finished when the return train started, and the majority were obliged to walk a distance of three miles to gain the cars. The evil is easily obviated, and we hope that the managers will see to it in future.

For the race in question there were five entries, all of which started, viz., Volcano, Lady Champion, Up and Up, Gen. Meade, and Abrams' b g. Those horses had trotted together the week previous, for a purse and stake, mile heats, in harness, on which occasion six heats had to be trotted to decide the race, the Pittsfield horse, Volcano, ultimately proving the winner. He was so badly driven in the two first heats that a new driver was substituted, Tom Cregen getting in, and by his superior handling of the horse, enabling him to win the race "out of the fire." The attendance was very good, the day warm and pleasant, and the track, which is an unusually fast one, in admirable order. In the pool sales Volcano brought $75; Up and Up, $30; Lady Champion, $23; Abrams' b g $20, and General Meade $7.

*First Heat.*—A wretched start, Volcano being a long way behind when the word was given, and Lady Champion ahead of the rest. At the quarter pole the Lady still led; Abrams b. g. second; Up and Up third, and the favorite last. On the back stretch Volcano, who was driven by his former incompetent driver, broke, and lost so much ground that offers to take odds that he was shut out were numerous. At the half mile pole (the time of which the judges neglected taking) Lady Champion (or as she is more generally known by her previous name, "The Old Man's Mare"), was still in front, Abram's next, and Up and Up third. On the third quarter the driver of Volcano, seeing at last the danger of his being shut out, sent his horse along, and he closed the gap up rapidly. Lady Champion crossed the score first by half a length; Abram's b. g. second; Gen. Meade third; Up and Up fourth, and Volcano last. Time 2:34.

*Second Heat.*—Pool Sales as follows: Lady Champion $60; Up and Up $16; Volcano $12; b. g. $10. After scoring unsuccessfully five times, Up and Up cast a shoe, and more delay ensued. At last the word was given, and Volcano went in front for a short time, but was quickly passed by Gen. Meade and Lady Champion. On the back stretch the latter took a strong lead, and although she broke at the distance, she was down again almost immediately, and crossed the score two lengths ahead of Dan Mace; Gen. Meade third, and Volcano, owing to the miserable manner in which he was driven, distanced. Time 2:32.

*Third Heat.*—Betting $100 to $10 on Lady Champion. General Mead took the lead at the start, and kept it around the turn; the favorite breaking and losing ground. At the quarter pole Up and Up was leading, with Lady Champion, who had passed them, at her wheel. On the back stretch the favorite took the lead, maintained it throughout the remainder of the race, and although she tired perceptibly on the home stretch, leading many to imagine Mace could have won the heat if he had wished to do so, she crossed the score first by half a length in 2:34. Summary:

*Hoboken Course, June 28.*—Purse and stake, $700; mile heats, best 3 in 5, to wagons.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| T. Carpenter named b m Lady Champion | | | 1 1 1 |
| D. Mace named s m Up and Up | | | 4 2 2 |
| A. Abrams named b g —— | | | 2 4 3 |
| J. H. Martin named blk s Gen. Meade | | | 3 3 4 |
| D. Bristol named blk s Volcano | | | 5 dis. |
| *Time.* | *Quarter.* | *Half.* | *Mile.* |
| First heat | 38sec. | —— | 2:34 |
| Second heat | 37sec. | 1:15 | 2:32 |
| Third heat | 39sec. | 1:17 | 2:34 |

### MATCH ON THE FASHION COURSE, L. I.

On Thursday, June 29th, a match for $500, mile and repeat, between Hiram Woodruff's g. g. Avalanche, to wagon, and Robert Walker's b g. in harness, came off on the Fashion Course, L. I. The bay gelding was the favorite previous to the start for the first heat at $100 to $60, at which odds the business done was considerable. The favorite broke badly, however, several times, and Avalanche won the heat by two lengths in 2:54. The betting now became $100 to $60 on Avalanche, but the bay gelding, trotting squarely, won the second heat by half a dozen lengths in 2:53½, and any odds could have been bet on his winning the race. He won the third heat very easily in 2:51½, and consequently the race was awarded to him. Summary:—

*Fashion Course, L. I.*, Tuesday, June 29th.—Match, $500; mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| R. Walker named b g ——, in harness | | | 2 1 1 |
| H. Woodruff named g g Avalanche | | | 1 2 2 |
| *Time.* | *Quarter.* | *Half.* | *Mile.* |
| First heat | 42 | 1:24 | 2:54 |
| Second heat | 41½ | 1:24 | 2:53¾ |
| Third heat | 42 | 1:21 | 2:51½ |

### GREAT RACE IN CALIFORNIA.
LODI VS. NORFOLK.

A great race took place on the Ocean Course, San Francisco, Cal., on May 23d, for $6,500 in all, between the famous horses Norfolk and Lodi. The event created immense enthusiasm amongst the turfites of the Golden State, and what with a band of music, pretty women, brilliant equipages, etc., it passed off with the greatest *eclat*. Our space will not admit of our giving the full details, our readers will therefore be content with reading a description of the several heats hereunto appended:—

*First Heat.*—Lodi had over a length advantage in the start, and Gilpatrick improved the opportunity to dart in and take the track. Dick, with good judgment, pulled Norfolk in behind and they rounded the turn with Lodi a half length in the lead, they ran in this position to the half mile pole, when Dick laid Norfolk along side and the running commenced in earnest. Through the upper turn they flew and round into the homestretch. Both horses were coming like a whirlwind, but it was evident that Lodi was struggling while Norfolk was running easy, a neck in advance. Gilpatrick sat his horse cool and collected, a perfect model of a rider, and if judgment and skill can win a race it is his. As they entered the turn, Dick gave Norfolk his head; he ran around Lodi like a flash, and took the track. Norfolk kept at this flight of speed until daylight showed between them, when Dick again took his horse in hand. Round the upper turn they came, Lodi striving to close the gap, but Dick held his horse firmly and he turned into the stretch without the brown horse being able to gain an inch. On they came to the distance stand, Dick taking the last look over his shoulder at Lodi's position; a second after, Gilpatrick had, with consummate ability, gathered his horse for a brush, and with a smart lick with his whip under Lodi's flank landed him nose and nose with Norfolk under the string. An immense shout went up from the excited crowd for Norfolk, who it was supposed had won the heat, but the unanimous decision of the judges announced it a dead heat. Time, 3:43 1-5.

*Second Heat.*—This time the start was a more even one, but Lodi darted in and took the pole before reaching the turn. Dick pulled Norfolk in behind until he got on the backstretch, when he went up and collared the brown horse. Both ran easy to the half mile, but Dick here seemed to tire of company, and giving Norfolk the rein, he shot ahead like a ball from a cannon and took the inside, opening up a gap of two lengths. With great good judgment on the part of one so young, the boy immediately took his horse in hand again, and though Lodi was running at full speed, he held him there until reaching the turn in the second mile. At this point Dick loosened his pull, and Norfolk flew around into the backstretch at an incredible flight of speed, which brought forth immense cheers from the excited multitude. The boy soon recovered his hold, and checking his speed, Lodi crept up and resumed his old position. It was evident to all that Norfolk had the foot of Lodi, and could place him anywhere in the race, but, notwithstanding this, Gilpatrick made a gallant struggle for the heat coming home, but to no avail, Norfolk winning by three lengths under a heavy pull, amid the shouts of thousands of voices, the waving of handkerchiefs, clapping of hands, and every other demonstration of delight. Time, 2:41.

*Third Heat.*—They got off [illegible] word, and Norfolk ran nearly to the [illegible] Gilpatrick was able to pull him up. Gilpatrick [illegible] the turn, and both horses came [illegible] Lodi's trainer, here gave his horse a pull [illegible] cheer his drooping spirits were [illegible] another and successful effort to start was made, Norfolk [illegible] a half length, round the turn, which he [illegible] the half mile, his head being pulled almost [illegible] not now [illegible] horse run a little more free, and he was [illegible] ahead to their three quarter pole. Lodi seemed to [illegible] and out," and the Lexington drew away from him without [illegible] effort, leading five lengths at the stand, and rounding the turn in the second mile fully six lengths in advance. The boy now checked the speed of Norfolk and allowed Gilpatrick to close the gap to two lengths at the half mile pole; here the struggle ceased; Norfolk came home with perfect ease, winning the heat by four lengths in a gallop, thus deciding the greatest contest between blood horses that has ever taken place on the Pacific coast. Time, 3:50 4-5. Sammons.

*Ocean Race Course, Tuesday, May 23, 1865.* Purse $2,500, with an inside stake of $4,000. Two miles and repeat.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Theo. Winters' b h Norfolk by Lexington, dam Novice by imp. Glencoe, 4 yrs, 100 lbs, Dick Havy, colors purple and white | | | 0 1 1 |
| C. H. Bryan's br h Lodi by Yorkshire, dam Topaz by imp. Glencoe, 5 yrs, 110 lbs, Gilpatrick, colors, red, white and blue | | | 0 2 2 |
| Time: 3:43 1-5; 3:43 3-5; 3:50 4-5 | | | |

### THE DOWN EAST TROT.
FROM BOSTON TO PORTLAND IN ONE DAY.
THE POOR HORSE DEAD!

On June 28th, an event took place on the road between Boston, Mass., and Portland, Me., that was too cruel to be called sport, viz., an individual named Brackett bet $1,000 that he could trot his horse from the Fitchburg depot, Boston, to Portland, between dawn and eventide. The distance was 114 miles, and the time it was to be done in was 15¼ hours. The programme of the match, we believe, was that the horse was to be driven at the rate of eight miles an hour, which would allow about two hours for rest and baiting at Portsmouth, N. H., and occasional halts, so that the poor animal could draw breath, have its mouth sponged out and get a mouthful of water. The feat was to be done in harness, in a light sulkey, and guides were appointed, with relays of horses, to pilot the way. All along the line of route much excitement prevailed, it is said, but very few looked on the match as being truly a sporting one.

Five or six miles before ending his murderous task, his willing nature gave out, and about 6 o'clock he laid him down and died—having then about an hour and forty minutes in which to complete his journey. He was owned by a Boston man named Edward Brackett, who had long used him in New Orleans and elsewhere, and prized him very highly. The Portland *Press* gives the distance between Boston and Portland at 112 miles, and states that Lion reached Saco at 4:30, and left that place at 4:45 for Portland; but in coming over the Scarboro' turnpike, showed signs that he was "used up"—swaying from side to side, evidently very "groggy." Just after ascending the hill the poor beast dropped down, and in a short time expired. The *Press* adds:—

"It was a brutal act to attempt to drive a horse such a distance on a hot summer day. The feat, as we are informed, *has* been done, but in more propitious weather. We are informed that in addition to the wager of $1000, there was a large amount of side betting, and that the owner of the horse made a bet at Saco that he would be driven into Portland from that place within a given time. He has lost his horse and all his bets."

"We hear that Lion appeared fresher and better on his arrival at Saco, than when here; but soon after showed signs of great exhaustion; and as is usual in such cases, whiskey was poured down his throat once or twice, and it is said the whip applied. But exhausted nature, though never so willing, could no no more; and any live dog of a cold blooded horse is now better than the noble but dead Lion. Mr. Somerby accompanied the party to the sad end, but was in charge no farther than Saco."

The betting on the trot was very spirited along the towns through which the horse passed. It is estimated that one hundred thousand dollars exchanged hands on the result, of this, fifty thousand is said to have been wagered in Boston.

### FASTEST PACING TIME IN MISSOURI.

At the trotting meeting recently held at the Abbey Course, St. Louis, they had quite a good season of sport. On the fourth day they had a pacing match, in which the fastest time ever made in Missouri was made. The r. g. John McKinney, b. g. Ace of Diamonds, and a black gelding were entered. In drawing for the course, Ace of Diamonds won the track, Coleman's horse was placed next and McKinney got the outside. In starting the Ace also got the lead, with Coleman on his quarter. When nearing the quarter pole Ace of Diamonds broke badly, when McKinney shot ahead of him as if he had been tied to the fence, Coleman's horse toiling far in the rear. The quarter pole was made in 35s. After passing the quarter pole it became evident to all that Ace of Diamonds and Coleman's horse would do well if they saved their distance, and it was also plain, as McKinney passed the half-mile post, that he was being driven to shute one or both of them out if possible. On coming round the bend into the home stretch, the driver of McKinney, Mr. John McKinne, began to use his whip with telling effect, and every stride taken by the noble roan opened the gap between the horses. The pace of McKinney down the stretch was splendid and must have been eminently satisfactory to his owners and backers; he came under the score in 2:23, making the fastest pacing time ever made on this course or any other in the State, and we believe in the West. Ace of Diamonds and Coleman's horse were distanced. Summary:—

*Wednesday, June 21* —

| | |
|---|---|
| Jas. Conlisk's r. g. John McKinney | 1 |
| N. Coleman's blk. g. —— | dis. |
| Jas. Rutherford's b. g. Ace of Diamonds | dis. |

Time—2:23.

### TROTTING AT PHILADELPHIA.

*Suffolk Park, Tuesday, June 27.*—Stake and purse $500, mile heats, best 3 in 5 in harness:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Edward Hastings g m Lady Mace | | | 1 1 1 |
| Henry Jeffries blk g Sailor Boy | | | 2 2 2 |
| S. C. Rodgers b g Garibaldi | | | 3 3 3 |

Time—2:48¾; 2:45½; 2:29.

*Suffolk Park, Wednesday, June 28.* Stake and purse $900, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| John Turner's b m Fanny Allen | | | 1 1 1 |
| Mike Goodin's ch h American Star | | | 2 2 2 |
| Billy Doble's ch g Samuel D. Sagers | | | 3 3 3 |

Time: 2:31½; 2:32¾; 2:32¾.

*Suffolk Park, Thursday, June 29.* Stake and Purse $250, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Robert Kennedy's b g Davy | | | 1 1 1 |
| S C Rodgers' b g Larry | | | 2 2 2 |
| Thomas McConne l's b m Kate | | | 3 3 3 |

Time—2:48; 2:47; 2:50.

TROTTING IN CLEVELAND.—A trotting match against time took place on the afternoon of the 17th of June, just out of Cleveland on the Detroit road. Joe Randuson backed his two trotters, Busyfoot and Queen of the West, to trot a mile together on the above mentioned road in three minutes, Jack Bennet backing time. The odds were largely in favor of time, and it so ended, as it took the team three minutes and four seconds to accomplish the mile. They did not see-to work well together on this occasion, breaking badly, but those who profess to be judges of trotting, claim that by a little more training, and on a good track, they can do their mile together in *less* than three minutes. W. H. Potts, the well known trainer and driver, has recently opened a beautiful half mile track just outside the city limits on Kinsman street. The owners of fast stock in that city now have a fine track to try the speed and bottom of their nags, and they are not slow to take advantage of it.

CHALLENGE TO THE TURFMEN OF THE EAST.—Mr. Winters, the owner of the celebrated racer, Norfolk, has issued a challenge to Eastern turfmen, offering to run Norfolk against any horse in America, at any distance over one mile heats, for $10,000 in gold a side. Should the race take place in the Atlantic States, the entire proceeds of the gate money, to which the horses might be entitled, to go to Mr. Winters. Should it take place in California the party accepting to have the gate money, and privilege of naming the track. The challenge to be accepted before February 1st, 1866.

## BALL PLAY.

### Matches to be Played.

JULY 3.—Roanoke vs. Putnam, at Second Bridge grounds, Greenpoint, at 2½ P. M.
3.—Star vs. Camden, at Philadelphia, 2 P. M.
4.—Star vs. Athletic, at 3 P. M.
4.—Active vs. Union, at Morrisania, at 10 A. M.
4.—Burnside, of Brooklyn, vs. Unknown, at Harlem, at 2 P. M., for the championship of the Juniors. Fly game.
4.—Mystic vs. Hudson River, at Newburgh.
4.—Active, of Newark, vs. Putnam, of New York, at Newark, at 2½ P. M.
5.—Active vs. Empire, second nine.
6.—Grand Muffin match, on Mutual grounds, at 3 P. M.
6.—Atlantic vs. Empire, muffin match, at Bedford, 2½ P. M.
8.—Active vs. Empire, on the Active grounds at 3 P. M.
12.—Resolute vs. Empire, on Union grounds, Brooklyn.
19.—Lowell, of Boston, vs. Resolute, on Union grounds, Brooklyn.
20.—Lowell vs. Atlantic, on Capitoline grounds, at Bedford.
21.—Lowell vs. Excelsior, on Capitoline grounds, Bedford.
27.—Empire vs. Atlantic, return game, at Bedford.

### MUTUAL vs. EMPIRE.

The Mutual Club never sent in a nine to a match better prepared to win a game than the first rate team which took part in the contest with the Empires at Hoboken on Wednesday, June 28th. The Mutuals, like the Atlantics, have been taught by experience that there is but one legitimate and sure method of striving to win games with some probability of general success, and that is by playing the same nine in regular positions in every game. In the match in question, the Mutuals had out the same players that composed their nine last year, with each man in his regular position. In every instance it was "the right man in the right place," and certainly the club never opened play for the season in such brilliant style—as far as fielding went—than they did in this game, for unquestionably it was the handsomest display of the kind we have seen made at Hoboken for years past. The play of the Mutuals in the field in this match was decidedly superior to that made by the Atlantics in their game with the Empires, though their batting was inferior, they not being as successful even as the Atlantics were in hitting Martin's pitching. The Empire nine was the same as in the previous match, each man, too, occupying the same position. As we said before, and as we have pointed out for years past, this is the only plan to pursue in order to obtain any degree of success in winning games, and those clubs failing to follow the same path may expect little else than defeat, and under the circumstances of their refusal to adopt such a policy their losses will be well merited.

The game opened favorably for the Mutuals, they putting out their adversaries in one, two, three order, while they themselves scored one run, the fielding on both sides being of the very first order, Ryder marking his fielding as short stop with a splendid catch, he taking a swift line ball from Zeller's bat in the best style of the art. He would have done well to have stopped the ball, to say nothing of holding it.

In the second innings the Empires drew a blank, although their batting deserved one run at least; but Ryder was captured in trying to run home, and Martin was left on his base, another blank score being the result. The Mutuals did but little better, only one run being added to their score, and that only by a miscatch from a high ball to left field, Patterson surrendering to Miller between the bases owing to Devyr's hesitation in running his bases.

In the 3d innings Jewett secured his 1st base by a throw of Duffy's, and his run by a throw of Wansley's to third, and Waterman also secured a run after making his base by good batting, the next three strikers being handsomely put out at 1st base by Goldie, assisted by Devyr's fine fielding at short, and Brown near 2d base, Goldie hoeing the hottest kind of balls sent him as if with a vice. Better play between short field, 3d and 2d base, and the 1st base, has never been seen than in this match, especially that by the Mutual players. The [illegible] in the latter instances were picked up handsomely and thrown in with great accuracy and speed to 1st base, and in each instance Goldie held them splendidly; Miller and Ryder, too, on the Empire side, played finely together. The Mutuals for their share of the 3d innings play only secured one run, and this they would not have had but for a throw of Jewett's to 3d base. Throwing to third base under the most favorable circumstances is risky business, but in this game it was useless, as the wind was in the very direction to prevent accurate throwing. The contest thus far had been a fine one, and the promise was that it would be the prettiest and best contested game of the season, and it not only proved to be so, but also one of the finest fielding games ever witnessed at Hoboken.

In the 4th innings Miller began play by securing his 1st base, through Duffy's failure to handle the ball as well as he did in nearly every other instance; a throw at Wansley's giving him his 2d, he finally securing his run by Wilson's good batting. Martin also secured his 1st base through Zeller's failing to accept the ball, but was not close enough to hold it; it could scarcely be called a miss, however. Three men were on their bases in this innings, when Waterman hit a ball to short field and Martin ran home; before he touched the home base, however, the ball was held by Duffy on the 3d base, and as the striker had not been put out, and the players running their bases were obliged to vacate them in rotation, the mere fact of holding the ball on the base was sufficient to put Wilson—who was running from 3d to 2d, out; he being forced from his base, and as three hands were put out and the play closed before Martin had touched the base, his run, as a matter of course did not count. The play of Devyr's to 3d base in this instance, instead of to 1st base, was a regular Atlantic point in the game, as it was equally effective in putting a man out, while it saved the scoring of Martin's run. On the Mutual side, in this innings, only one run could be secured, although Zeller and Goldie made their bases by good hits; but the latter was on his 3d when the last man was put out. The totals now stood 4 to 3 in favor of the Mutuals, and the next innings must see three men added to the Mutual score, or else it would not exceed that of the Atlantics, the latter having scored 6 in their first five innings the previous week.

In the 5th innings Jewett secured his base by a good hit, and Ward his also, but before the latter could get him the third hand was out, only one run being secured. In this innings the Mutuals drew their first blank, the totals at the close of the 5th innings being 4 to 4, the Mutuals being behind the Atlantic score two runs. But fifty-five minutes had thus far being occupied in playing the game, just fifteen minutes shorter than any previous five innings had been played this season, and the result so far left the success of either party a question of much doubt.

The 6th innings resulted in blanks for both parties, and now it was that bets began to be made on the success of the Empires, for thus far the best batsmen of the Mutuals had been unable to hit Martin's pitching successfully. The Empires, however, had not made much off Harris, the support the latter had in the field helping the pitching very much; in fact it is on the support given the pitcher in a match that his success mainly depends and not so much on his pitching. The Mutuals were disposed of in the 6th innings by three handsomely taken fly balls, two by Westervelt and one by Wilson. More bound catches were taken in the outer field in this game than in any we have seen this season, and it was amusing to note the remarks made by those formerly favoring the bound game, showing the change which had taken place in their estimate of these boyish catches. In fact this contest afforded one of the finest examples of the beauties of the fly game we have ever seen presented, the fielding being really beautiful, and the match one of the quickest games ever played. So much for the fly game and slow but fair pitching, in contrast to the old bound game with swift and unfair pitching.

In the 7th innings the Mutuals, after putting their opponents out in one, two, three order, began to hit Martin's balls with some effect, no less than five runs being secured by the good batting of Devyr, McMahon, Harris, Brown, Wansley and Zeller, there being several errors in the field in this innings for the first time in the game, the excitement attendant upon this Mutual rally for the lead extending itself to the fielders at 2d base and the outer field, the totals at the close standing 9 to 4. This of course put a stop to the betting on the Empires, and even large odds were refused, all feeling confident of the success of the Mutuals, and sure enough the confidence in them proved to be well placed, as they finally came in the victors by a score of 12 to 5, the Empires adding one run to their score in the 8th innings, and the Mutuals three to theirs in the last, the latter partly through the aid of wild throws. Thus closed one of the most exciting, and certainly one of the best played games ever seen at Hoboken.

The umpire thoroughly discharged his duty in every respect, and was especially to be commended for his careful and sensible interpretations of the 6th and 39th rules of the game, so generally neglected by some of our best umpires. We append the score:—

BATTING.

| EMPIRE. | H. | L. | R. | MUTUAL. | H. | L. | R. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Ward, r f | 3 | 0 | | Brown, 2d b | 2 | | 3 |
| Westervelt, c f | 4 | 0 | | Wansley, c | 3 | | 2 |
| Kelley, 2d b | 3 | 1 | | Duffy, 3d b | 3 | | 2 |
| Miller, 1st b | 3 | 1 | | Zeller, l f | 2 | | 1 |
| Ryder, s s | 3 | 0 | | Goldie, 1st b | 4 | | 0 |
| Martin, p | 1 | 0 | | Devyr, s s | 8 | | 2 |
| Wilson, l f | 4 | 0 | | Patterson, c f | 4 | | 0 |
| Jewett, c | 3 | 2 | | McMahon, r f | 3 | | 1 |
| Waterman, 3d b | 3 | 1 | | Harris, p | 3 | | 1 |
| Total | 5 | | | Total | 12 | | |

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

| | 1st | 2d | 3d | 4th | 5th | 6th | 7th | 8th | 9th | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Empire | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0—5 |
| Mutual | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 3 | 0—12 |

Passed balls—Wansley 7, Jewett 3.
Double plays—Kelly and Miller.
Fly-catches made—Jewett 5, Kelley 3, Westervelt 3, Ryder 2, Wilson 2—total, 15. Duffy 3, Brown 2, Wansley 2, Zeller 1, Patterson 1, McMahon 1—total, 10.
Catches missed—Zeller 1, Jewett 2, Wilson 1, Kelley 1.
Put out on bases—Mutual, 9; Empire, 12.
Put out on foul balls—Mutual, 7;

## THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

The following ingenious and most amusing version of the House that Jack Built is too good to to be lost:—

THE DOMICILE ERECTED BY JOHN, TRANSLATED FROM THE VULGATE OF M. GOOSE. BY A. POPE.

1. Behold the mansion reared by dædal Jack!
2. See the malt stored in many a plethoric sack In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac.
3. Mark how the Rat's felonious fangs invade The golden stores in John's pavilion laid.
4. Anon, with velvet foot and Tarquin strides, Subtle Grimalkin to his quarry glides— Grimalkin grim, that slew the fierce rodent— Whose tooth, insidious, Johann's sackcloth rent.
5. Lo! now the deep-mouthed Canine Foe's assault, That vexed avenger of the stolen malt, Stored in the hallowed precincts of that hall That rose complete at Jack's creative call.
6. Here stalks the impetuous cow with crumpled horn, Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn, Who bayed the feline slaughter-beast that slew The rat predacious, whose keen fangs ran through The tex ile fabrics that involved the grain, Which lay in Hans' inviolate domain.
7. Here walks forlorn the damsel crowned with rue, Lactiferous spoils from vaccine dugs who drew, Of that cornuculate beast whose tortuous horn Tossed to the clouds, in fierce, vindictive scorn, The hurrying hound, whose braggart bark and stir Arched the lithe spine and reared the indignant fur Of puss, that with vermicidal claw Struck the weird rat, in whose insatiate maw Lay reeking malt, that erst in Juan's courts we saw.
8. Robed in senescent garb, that seems in sooth Too long a prey to Chrono's iron tooth, Behold the man, whose amorous lips incline Full with young Eros' osculative sign, To the lorn maiden whose lact-albic hands Drew albulactic wealth from lacteal glands Of that immortal bovine, by whose horn Distort to realms ethereal was borne The beast catalean vexer of that sly Ulysses quadrupedal, who made die The old mordaceous rat that dare devour Antecedaneous' ale in John's domestic bower.
9. Lo here! with hirsute honors doffed, succinct Of saponaceous locks; the priest who linked In Hymen's golden bands the t rn unthrift Whose means exiguous stared from many a rift, Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn, Who n ilked the cow with implicated horn, Who in fine wrath the canine torturer skied, That dared to vex the insidious muricide, Who let aureral effluence through the pelt Of the sly rat that robbed the house that Jack built.
10. The loud cantankerous Shanghae comes at last, Whose shouts aroused the shorn ecclesiast, Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament To him, who, robed in garments indigent, Inoculates the damsel lachrymose, The emulgator of that horrid brute morose, That tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that kill The rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built.

## THE THEATRICAL RAMBLES

OF

MR. AND MRS. JOHN GREENE,

**With Sketches of Popular Actors and Actresses,**

FROM 1812 TO 1863.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY CHARLES DURANG.

### CHAPTER XIII.

MASTER BURKE—SOMETHING WRONG ABOUT THE MONKEY—A BAD BREAK—FIRE—UNFORTUNATE REMARK—NIAGARA FALLS—STAGE COACH ADVENTURE, ETC.

Mr. William Duffy, (whilom manager of the Arch Street Theatre), was at this time lessee of the Pearl Street Theatre, Albany, and appointed John Greene stage manager at a yearly salary, receiving the same whether playing or not, the Greenes having no interest in their benefits when thus announced, which were put up at Duffy's discretion. They emigrated to the ancient burg, or city of Albany, and took up their quarters at the Washington Hall, a large and airy hotel adjoining the theatre. The latter was a neat, compact building, quite large enough for the city's patronage then, as all thought when they saw Master Burke play to empty benches. He was now in a state of adolescency, in a transit of fiddling over acting; his acting powers not attracting, he abandoned them afterwards and devoted his attention to music. Mr. Greene remained as William Duffy's prime minister for several years. During this time among the actors and actresses composing the company were Mr. and Mrs Logan, and all the little Logans; the late Clara Woodhull, daughter of Jacob Woodhull—she afterwards married Mr. Piskering, and died of cholera in New Orleans; Miss Almira Dunham, Mr. David Johnson, etc. The stars were as follows:—Mr. and Miss Priscilla Cooper, Edwin Forrest, the beautiful Miss Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Blake, Mr. H. Finn, Mr. Oxley, Mr. A. A. Adams, Miss Hughes and Madame Feron, the vocalist; Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, the Kentucky Giant, Porter, with Major Stevens, the celebrated Dwarf. During Greene's management at Albany, Charles Parsloe, of pantomime notoriety, was playing one night the part of the monkey; he did not seem to be very nimble; he sprang lamely from fence to tree; he had lost his usual quick, queer gesticulations of the animal, and would every now and then run to the wings out of the spectators' sight and quickly return as if relieved of something. Greene saw something was afoot and determined to find out what was the matter. He saw little Harry Knight running from one entrance to another to meet Parsloe whenever he came off; there seemed to be a sympathy between the Monkey and Knight; both seemed under some animal magnetic influence, or some other spiritual effect of the day seemed to move them physically and together; perhaps some cordial spirit corked in a small bottle to allay the thirst brought on by undue exertion. The Monkey's agility was at fault; it was a lame job. At last Greene discovered that the Monkey's dyed stockinnet dress made of elastic web so as to fit the body like the natural skin to resemble the Monkey, and which dress had been dyed brown, was old and worn out, bursting in its seams and texture, and at every leap it was giving way. Harry Knight had a pot of brown ochre, and a brush out of the paint room, so that whenever a rent occurred in this decayed Monkey costume, Parsloe would jump to one of the side wings, and Knight would paint the introductory white skin over. So it went on very lamely till the finale of the piece.

John Greene himself was once playing Smart, in the farce of the "Rendezvous." This smart lackey makes his entrance through a centre window in the back part of the scene. Not being very remarkable for agility, in jumping into the room from the window he made a rent in his pants, which for the moment was irreparable; he danced about the stage like Gabriel Ravel in his "Brazilian Ape." Mrs. Anderson was playing Rose, and Smart should have run to her as her lover; but instead of doing so he jumped round the centre table, keeping his back to the audience, playing many antics in the background to hide the rent in his unmentionables. But Rose, with all her efforts, could not get him down to the footlights to go on with the dialogue, which was necessary to give the plot of the piece. She began to think he had lost his senses. At length he communicated to her by stratagem his sad predicament. They vamped some dialogue that was not in the author, during which they thus whispered side speeches—"Then go off, and repair damages as best you can; take that table cover with you and I will sing here." Greene seized the hint, wrapped the table cover round him as a cloak, and made his exit triumphantly, while she whispered to the prompter to ring in the orchestra. This song was not to have been sung till later in the piece. The leader and band ran into the orchestra, wondering why they were summoned before the time, and were taken at a *non plus*, but Mrs. Anderson, with great presence of mind, winked at the leader and giving as a cue, "As there is some confusion in the house, I think I will sing the 'Dashing White Sergeant,'" he took the hint, and struck up the symphony and she sang it to a double *encore*. By that time Greene had donned a new pair of white pants, entered at the end of her song, and they finished the scene with great *eclat*.

One night Greene was busy at the theatre preparing the bills for the next night's performance, when a sudden alarm of fire rang through the theatre. He was tormented by the interruption, and went on writing; saying that it was not his property that was on fire. Shortly after one of the carpenters came rushing into his room, exclaiming, "The hotel next door to the theatre is all in flames, Mr. Greene!" Mr. Greene threw down his pen and rushed in to save his wardrobe, an actor's first thoughts when those tools whereby he works are in danger of destruction. Many of the actors boarded there, and a scene of the greatest confusion followed. Some of the performers escaped from the hotel and ran out with their dresses, carrying them into the theatre contiguous for safety. The hotel was soon wrapped in flames, and the theatre closely adjoining caught fire under the eaves, and the roof was beginning to burn rapidly; through the exertions of the firemen and citizens they succeeded in saving the theatre, although greatly injured by the fire and water, while the performers were compelled to remain in the theatre all night. There was no performance that night, nor the next. The landlord of the Washington Hotel soon procured another house in the neighborhood, when his boarders removed from their temporary lodgings to the new quarters. After the repairs of the theatre, the Thespian banner was again hoisted on the gable of the house.

In 1835 Mr. W. Duffy conceived the idea of erecting a new theatre in Buffalo, now a vastly growing place. He visited that city, soon had the theatre under contract, and in a short time built for opening. There was a great deal of go-ahead energy about Duffy. Although of seeming listlessness, a *façade* way, yet, like a Turk when aroused, of great activity. *Ad-interim* an opposition arose to rival his efforts in the "*Eagle Theatre*," but Duffy forestalled this rivalry, and opened his campaign first with flying colors, Mrs. Fanny Jarman playing on the opening night Mariana, in the excellent play of "The Wife." Mrs. John Greene delivered the opening address. Mr. Cooper and daughter, and Emma Wheatley added to the attractions, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Charles Greene—a useful pair.

There is a proverb which says—"Think twice before you speak once," which was most aptly illustrated in a pleasure trip of our histrions to Niagara Falls during the summer. Mr. William Wheatley, with the Greenes and some other notables of the sock and buskin, arranged a visit to this sublime phenomenon of nature's water works! It is a very pleasant little drive along the banks of the picturesque Niagara river. Everything being harmoniously fixed, the parties departed on a lovely balmy morning in different vehicles; to this party was added the new members of the company, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Greene, with whom most of the party were unacquainted except by repute. The lady had acquired some fame through the partiality of the Pittsburgh audiences, where she had a large circle of friends who gave her a large and flattering benefit as a testimonial to her abilities and private worth. To this couple Mr. Wheatley was personally unknown. It so happened that a halt of the party occurred at the half way house for the purpose of taking some refreshments and while there they assembled in the parlor of the inn, when Mrs. Charles Greene's complimentary benefit at Mr. Wamyss' Pittsburgh Theatre became the topic of conversation; at that moment Mr. Wheatley entered the room, unaware of the presence of the beneficiaire, and joining in the chit-chat remarked quite unreflectingly, that he deemed "it strange that that little humbug should have received any testimony of the kind, as it could not have been from any talent she possessed." John Greene, who was doing the amiable, and was about to introduce the gentle couple to Wheatley, felt hurt for his friend's brusqueness, and hastened to repair this breach of courtesy to strangers lest further unpleasantness might follow.

This *contretemps* of Wheatley's, a thoughtless expression, preyed upon his spirits during the balance of the tour; his gaiety, friendly and gentlemanly intercourse and courteous deportment in social relations are ever marked as his shining characteristics. He feathered the arrow that wounded his own feelings. He was so mortified that he never offered any explanation or apology, but remained moody throughout the trip.

The cataract where it first falls into its eternal depths of boiling cauldrons arouses curious emotions. The first look at this stupendous spectacle of nature is a terrific shock of mind and body. When amazement subsides into its hollowed sublimities, a divinity would seem to shape your thoughts to love, and adoration for a beneficent Providence!

We will not say with the English traveler in the mincing parlance of the London *bon ton*, when first looking at the cataract: "Pon honor! very nice indeed!" but rather in the fashion of an enthusiastic, go-ahead American, exclaim in parody of Prospero's speech, which concludes Shakespeare's acting play of the "Tempest!"

The cloud capp'd waters, the liquid palaces,
Thy solemn pillar'd misty sprays, wrapp'd in rainbow tints,
The ever roaring music of thy majestic falls,
That echoes for aye, great nature's works!
Yea, like all this water pageant, ever changing fountains,
May dissolve—leaving not a spray behind
To tell of its mighty "whereabouts" to future generations!

Players are cruelly subjected to many insults of a mortifying nature, both publicly and privately, and that too often without any mode of redress from the mean and cowardly scource from which it may proceed; but this detracts not from their honor, or professional vocation. How often are they attacked in ambush by the press; debarred of all remedy of reply. An incident occurred in their travels in sober New England—the land of morals and steady habits, where the rude assailant, in this case, lived and claimed to be a model representative of those virtues and doctrines that give them their high position in society. The Greenes were then performing in the State of Vermont. After going through a performance, they took the stage coach for another town at half past twelve, in order to reach the place early in the day for the play on that night. The stage was full and the night very dark, so that they could not recognize each other's faces. A gentleman, one of the passengers, commenced descanting upon the performances of the evening before. Of course the Thespians were on the *qui vive* to hear some flattering things upon their abilities and *personnel*. Alas! the grapes were sour to the taste of the performers. The leading lady, (Mrs. Greene,) he was very much pleased with, "she was a tolerably fair actress, a tall, fine figure, majestic deportment," and to use his phrase "well up in her part; but her companion," (meaning Mr. Greene,) "who of course was not her husband, but she merely took his name—was one of the most cut-throat looking scoundrels he had ever seen, a hanging look, strongly marked." Mr Greene, much piqued, yet controled his temper and replied—"I think, sir, your judgment correct and very liberal." This loquacious gentleman, delighted to have his judgment confirmed, continued: "Why, sir that fellow's looks would condemn him before any intelligent jury in the Union! Such palpable and marked villainy I never saw so forcibly imprinted by Providence on man's face to warn the unwary, and the lack of forecast of those unacquainted with Lavater's science of physiognomy. That man's proclivities may be sworn to by an utter stranger." Greene facetiously acceded to what he said: "I agree with you, sir, with one exception—we should draw more charitable conclusions in relation to the lady's connection with the cut-throat gentleman, whom he understood was truly married to her; having the truth of that from a gentleman who was present at the ceremony." "Oh! my dear sir, all that may be, but women are such whimsical, contrary personsonages, that anything they do can never be a surprise." Thus he ran on with the theme, criticising after his own peculiar views, the company and the acting of the performers, still lamenting that so fine a woman should associate thus with such a hang-dog looking fellow.

The stage stopping to change horses just before daylight, John Greene, in a lark, invited the critical gentleman to take a glass with him. This was accepted. The bar had a flaming light behind it. The glasses were served. Greene took off his hat, and the "villainous cut-throat countenance," so artistically abused, appeared to the critical traveler who had so unsparingly traduced him. He was at once struck dumb; he could not believe his senses; he could not drink to the salutation of John's proposal—"to drink to his health!" He drew back, pulling his hat over his eyes, ashamed of his brutal behavior. Greene coolly observed, "Good manners, truthful words, and charity are blessings to society; without them all is anarchy."

John Greene was naturally of a most quiet disposition, of inoffensive manners, but if offended, of very pugnacious temperament, and although a very short man, he was a very muscular one, with bull-dog courage. Yet on this occasion, as on others, he repaid his reviler with sarcastic jokes. John Greene pitied the man's dismay. He inquired for some other mode of conveyance. He was ashamed to return to the stage with those he had so thoughtlessly slandered. None was to be had. However, he reluctantly resumed his seat, and when daylight fairly developed all the faces of the passengers, the long, silent look of each other's expressive face after the war of words may be better imagined than described. Greene very emphatically introduced to the confounded critic "My wife, sir." The gentleman nodded stammered some inaudible apology, and repentantly hung his head. Moral:—Never slander in the dark, for the light of day will expose your crime. Speak truth, or be silent.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## SPORTS ABROAD.

### The Ring.

TOM SAYERS IN COURT.

HE ACCUSES A BOY OF ROBBING HIM, AND IS THREATENED WITH A LAW SUIT.

*THE EX-CHAMPION HISSED AND JEERED!*

George Powell, aged 17, a piano forte maker, was recently charged with stealing a coat and telescope, the property of Tom Sayers, ex-champion of the pugilistic world, and the case was heard at the Clerkenwell Police Court, London, on June 15th. Mr. John Wakeling appeared for the prosecution, and Mr. Lewis for the defendant. Sayers said he resided at 51 Camden street, and had kept the prisoner for the past twelve years, and had paid for apprenticing him. About four or five weeks since the prisoner left him, taking with him a coat belonging to him. On the day previous he went to where the prisoner was employed, and saw the prisoner wearing his coat. He afterwards gave the prisoner into custody, and on searching his box found a telescope belonging to him, and which had been taken from his premises.

In cross-examination, Sayers said he could not write. The prisoner was not a nephew of his, nor was he any relation. He had not gone by the name of Sayers. He took him into his house out of good nature. He knew him by being related to his mother. He did not know his age, whether it was 5 or 20. Could not form any idea as to his age, and could not say whether he was five or fifteen when he took him. He was living with his (witness's) brother when he took him. He was living with a woman that he (witness) lived with. Since he had left witness there had been a summons issued against him for his keep. Used to find him in clothes, but never gave him the coat in question. Would swear that for the past eighteen months he had not been wearing the coat in question, although he could not say when he saw it last. He had not seen the telescope for more than twelve months. He had not preferred the charge out of spite, although he had not a very good feeling towards defendant. He never saw the summons that was issued against him (Sayers). The prisoner's mother does not cohabit with him He should have given the prisoner into custody before, only he was in the country with a circus.

Police-constable Jarmin said he took the prisoner into custody, and when he told him the charge he said "All right, I will go with you." Mr. Lewis said he should not bother the magistrate with any remarks, as he must see that this charge was preferred out of feelings of spite, but should call a witness who would prove that the prisoner had been wearing the coat for the last 18 months. A witness was called who confirmed Mr. Lewis's statement, and added that the prisoner was highly respected by the firm by which he was employed and was a steady, sober, industrious young man. The Magistrate said he should discharge the prisoner, who would leave the court without a stain on his character. Mr. Lewis said he should bring an action against Sayers for false imprisonment. When Sayers left the court, *he was loudly hissed and jeered!*

SHARP ENCOUNTER BETWEEN THE TWO BRUMS.

JACK PARKINSON, AN OLD OPPONENT OF BOB BRETTLE'S,

AND

TOM ALLEN, ONE OF POSH PRICE'S ANTAGONISTS

These Birmingham celebrities met on Tuesday, June 13, to test their respective merits, in the midst of a goodly muster of the right sort, the match having been looked forward to with an unusual amount of interest. Allen, who first saw the light in April, 1844, is a fine-made young fellow, standing over 5ft. 9in., and the *beau ideal* of a British boxer. His first essay within the magic cords was with Corner, of Birmingham, for £10 a side, whom he defeated cleverly. In November, 1861, he polished off young Gould, then in the zenith of his fame, at 9st. 10lb. for £20. Soon after this he received forfeit from Peter Millard, of Bristol, and in July 1862 had a draw with Dan Crutchley, who was bound over to keep the peace. In the following month he for the first time suffered a reverse of fortune at the hands of Posh Price' in an *impromptu* match. In January of last year, in the London ring, he met and defeated Bingey Rose, of Nottingham, at 10st., for £50, 10 rounds only being fought, occupying 29 min. His last match, previous to that about to be chronicled, was an off-hand one with Bob smith, of Liverpool, when after an obstinate fight, he met with his second defeat. This brings us to the mill under notice, for which he was prepared at Dan Roberts', the Salmon Inn, Severn street, by Tom Bird, of Iron-bridge. About Parkinson there seems to be some kind of fatality, as the result of five engagements, notwithstanding that he has always "cottoned" well to his work, shows him "worsted," first, when only a lad, by Bob Brettle, after a brilliant battle occupying over two hours. In 1862, Flesh, of Dudley, compelled him to lower his colors, after another sterling fight of thirty-six rounds, lasting an hour and a half; and twice subsequently he met with defeat at the hands of the veteran Posh Price, who, finding him a teaser to vanquish, (and having tried both), recommended him to his own backer, Tom Foxall, Lench street as a good investment—and hence the present match. He was at once entrusted to the invincible "Posh," and it would be impossible to speak too highly of his condition at the post, while Allen was decidedly fleshy, and not in anything like so good form. The men scaled at Dan Roberts Allen's head-quarters, in the presence of an immense assemblage, both being well within the stipulated weight. At an early hour the next morning the station at Newstreet was thronged with eager passengers, and at six o'clock the journey by rail was commenced, although some preferred animal locomotion. On arriving at the appointed rendezvous, the Four Ashes, a retired village rejoicing in a happy immunity from the bustle of the world, in the vicinity of Penkridge, and a referee being already agreed on and present, with those indispensables, the ropes and stakes, an excellent ring was quickly formed on as nice a piece of nature's carpeting as could be wished; and the coast being clear from the powers that be, at 7.50 Parkinson threw in his cap; but it was not till a full half hour had been cut to waste in the preparing of Allen's toilet that he was enabled to follow suit. All now being in readiness, principals and seconds crossed hands, and the signal was given for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Parkinson having won the choice of corners, placed his back to the sun, which at this point shone out brilliantly. Offers to back Parkinson at 6 to 4 met with scarcely any response, doubtless owing to his stripping the bigger man, added to his fine condition. On the men putting themselves into position it was evident to the most uninitiated that Allen was the more scientific than Jack; the right well guarded the chest, while the left played with the rapidity of lightning. Jack, on the other hand, appeared fast-footed and awkward; still he looked the personification of determined pluck, and, with his immense reach, a most formidable opponent. After a little cautious sparring for distance, Allen shot out his left a hot 'un on the ribs, without a return. They now beat a retreat, and on again getting within reach, both countered prettily, Allen slightly grazing the temple, while Jack just reached the mouth. A close, and both down, Jack under.

2. Here first blood was claimed for Parkinson, and, although Allen contracted his lips, and tried to hide the "show," it was visible. (First event for the old 'un). Tom, having got the measurement of his man, made play with both right and left, the latter being very effective. Parkinson, after landing one on the cheek, made a dash at Tom, who cleverly avoided the intended compliment by ducking; Allen returned to his work, and countered Jack with terrific force on the jaw, and Jack staggered and fell. This was a regular thunderbolt, and appeared completely to unhinge the old 'un's system. The betting now veered round to 6 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Allen, with no takers.

3. On getting within range they countered simultaneously, Tom on the ribs and Jack on the nose, when Allen was thrown, Jack rolling over him.

4. This was a brilliant bout. The exchanges were of a most telling description, both fighting with desperate energy until they came to grief together, side by side.

5. Jack, on coming up, showed some very ugly bumps, and his face and ribs were much flushed, while Allen, with the exception of a bump on the left cheek-bone, and a slight abrasion on the temple, was pretty free from punishment. Allen got on the dial, one, two, with his left, landing his right on the ribs in truly artistic style. Jack returned with the utmost gameness, but did not produce a similar effect; he, however, managed to get on the "Heenan hug," and Allen for a time was in a critical position, from which, at last, he extricated himself by going down.

6. Parkinson, although having the worst of it, assured his friends that he should win at the finish. Allen, with great precision, shot out his left on Jack's right cheek-bone, inflicting a severe cut, the stream from which fairly deluged his "sights," and caused him to blink again. Allen followed up this advantage with another fine dash right on the face, which was a regular floorer, and Allen scored the second event—first knock-down—thus making "trick and tie" The men had been fighting exactly a quarter of an hour, and it was any odds on Allen.

7, 8, and 9. In each Allen maintained a commanding lead, and played sad havoc with his opponent's phiz, from which in each succeeding round he "turned on the tap." To say that Parkinson was game would be doing him but scant justice, as he fought what was fast becoming an up-hill battle with the courage of a lion; but the young 'un's tactics proved more than a match, as he got on effectively in almost every round, until Jack's daylights where getting small by degrees, and anything but beautifully less. At the conclusion of the eleventh round, and when they had been fighting twenty-three minutes, a solitary "Bobby" came upon the scene, and ordered a cessation of hostilities, and a hasty retreat was at once rendered imperative. At a meeting at the referee's house, the same evening, that functionary named a time to meet for a renewal of the fight. It is stated that Allen was forthcoming, but that Parkinson failed to put in an appearance in time, and that the stakes, therefore, have been awarded to Allen, who in this fight appears to have taken everyone by surprise.

NOTTINGHAM "PUGS" IN TROUBLE.—On Saturday, June 10th, at the Shire Hall, Nottingham, before T. B. Chamberlain and three other magistrates, John Dexter (*alias* Duffin), Bingey Rose, Thomas Mellows, C. Neep, William Brown, Piggy Wolfe, Henry Bullard, John Terry, Mark Thompson, Joseph Eaton, and John Brooks, were charged with being concerned in the recent prize fight between Duffin and Budham, at Oxton Warren. Andrew Marsden (who was defended by Mr. Heathcote) and Thomas Swift (*alias* Dagger) were also summoned, and appeared, but, having proved they were elsewhere at the time, the magistrates dismissed them. Budham and Francis Orme did not appear. Sergeant Blasdale, of the county constabulary, preferred the charge; and, having heard the evidence, and the address of Mr. Quarles (who appeared for Neep, Thompson, and Brooks), the bench committed the whole of the prisoners for trial at the ensuing sessions. Bail was accepted for their appearance, the defendants themselves in £40 each, and two sureties in £20 each.

THE DEAD BOXER.—Kidd Forster, a well-known Birmingham pugilist, who has fought eight or nine battles with some of the best men of the Midland district, died on the 16th of June of consumption, after a long illness, aged 36 years.

RATTLING MILL IN THE MIDLAND COUNTIES.—On Monday, June 12th, the sporting covies of Leicester and the neighborhood, once so celebrated for their milling propensities, witnessed a great treat, in consequence of the fight between D. Mudimmer and G. Houghton taking place at a convenient spot between Humberstone and Scraptoft. They entered the ring at three A. M., and from the very commencement nothing but give and take was the order of the day, but as the battle progressed the strength and stamina of Mudimmer proved too much for Houghton, and the former held the lead soon after the commencement, but so thoroughly game was Houghton that he did not allow his seconds to give in for him until three hours and five minutes had elapsed, and 123 rattling rounds fought.

### Aquatics.

BOB CHAMBERS, HARRY KELLY, AND BOB COOPER IN A MATCH RACE.—Articles of agreement were entered into on June 12 between Robert Chambers, Henry Kelley, and Robert Cooper, to row a right-away sculler's race over the Ouse Championship Course, in the Eau Brink Cut, King's Lynn, a distance of 3300 yards, to take place on a day to be fixed by the King's Lynn Royal Regatta Committee, between the 15th day of August and the 15th day of September, for a sweepstakes of £50 each, the committee of the King's Lynn Royal Regatta agreeing to add to such stakes the sum of £100, providing the three started, and the sum of £50 only should only two of the men come to the post. If the three compete, the winner to receive £200, and the second £50; but if only two come to the post, the first prize of £200 only to be given.

TESTIMONIAL TO ROBERT CHAMBERS.—The long promised testimonial to Bob Chambers, the celebrated oarsman, took place on June 14, at Mr. Anderson's, Moxley street, Newcastle. It consisted of a gold watch, etc., and the presentation speech was made by Mr. Jos. Cowen, in the presence of a large assembly of squatic sports and patrons thereof. The watch (a gold stop, with centre seconds) and chain are of a massive character. Attached to the chain are several gold appendages, one of these being a medal recalling a former victory, with the following inscription: "Northern Rowing Club, 1862. Presented by Mr. J. Bagnall, President." On the other side: "Won by Robert Chambers, June 9, 1861." On the back of the watch there is an inscription commemorative of the present occasion, which runs as follows: "Presented, together with a purse of £160, to Robert Chambers, Aquatic Champion of England, June 14, 1865, he having held the championship from Sept. 19, 1859." The gold was contained in a blue and drab silk purse, the gift of a lady.

### The Turf.

ASCOT RACES.

A DEAD HEAT FOR THE GOLD CUP.

TEN BROECK'S STABLE.

At the Ascot meeting, which took place during the week ending June 17, considerable good sport was witnessed, the several events having been, on the whole, well contested. The principal race, that for the Gold Cup, came off on Thursday, June 15th, and resulted in a dead heat, as will be seen by the annexed summary and details of the running:

THE GOLD CUP, value 300 sovs, given from the fund, added to a subscription of 20 sovs each; the second to receive 50 sovs out of the stakes; three year olds, 7st 5lb; four, 8st 10lb; five, 9st 3lb; six and aged, 9st 5lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; to start at the Cup post and go once round, about two miles and a half 38 subs.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Ely, by Kingston—The Bloomer, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb | Custance † 1 |
| Lord Glasgow's General Peel, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb | Fordham † 2 |
| Baron Rothschild's Zephyr, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb | J. Grimshaw 3 |
| Mr. Mackenzie's Oppressor, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb | H. Covey 4 |
| Count F. de Lagrange's Fille de l'Air, 8st 7lb | H Grimshaw 5 |
| Mr. G Hodgman's Victorious, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb | Morris 6 |

Betting: 7 to 4 agst General Peel, 2 to 1 agst Fille de l'Air, 6 to 1 agst Ely, 8 to 1 agst Zephyr, and 100 to 8 agst Victorious. Oppressor, the moment the flag fell, jumped off in front and soon took a commanding lead, Victorious heading the next lot, all of whom were pulling hard, Ely being third, General Peel fourth, Fille de l'Air fifth, and Zephyr last. Opposite the Royal Stand Oppressor was leading by eight or ten lengths, Victorious being a length in advance of Ely, at whose girths lay General Peel and H. Grimshaw, being unable to hold Fille de l'Air in the rear. She, immediately after passing the Royal enclosure, ran in front of General Peel, and at the top turn took third place, Oppressor still carrying on the running, only however at a moderate pace. Before they had gone a mile, Ely, who had also been pulling hard, passed Fille de l'Air and Victorious, and the latter dropped behind as they descended the Swinley Hill, when the pace was greatly improved. Ely and Fille de l'Air gained rapidly on Oppressor three-quarters of a mile from home, at which point Zephyr and General Peel were side by side, only a length or so in the rear of the French mare, whilst Victorious gradually lost ground. Half a mile from home Zephyr quitted the side of General Peel, and drew alongside of Fille de l'Air, who was running in the immediate wake of Ely, Oppressor's lead by this time having been reduced to a length. Upon entering the straight, Mr. Mackenzie's horse was beaten, and Ely was left slightly in advance of Zephyr, Fille de l'Air close up, and alongside the French mare lay General Peel. At the distance both Zephyr and Fille de l'Air were in difficulties, and General Peel, quitting them, joined Ely. These two ran home an exciting race, General Peel catching Ely at every stride from the half-distance, but he never could succeed in passing Mr. Cartwright's horse, and the judge's fiat—a dead heat—was waited for in breathless anxiety, and received with loud cheering. Zephyr was a bad third. Time, according to Benson's chronograph, 4 min. 37½ sec. Deciding Heat—Betting: 6 to 4 on General Peel, who lay at Ely's heels till rounding the turn into the straight, where he went up to his girths. At the distance, Fordham commenced to ride his horse, who did not make an effort, but swerved towards the stand and made a most cowardly exhibition. A general roar from the spectators announced the disgrace of the favorite, and Ely, quitting him as he liked, won by twelve lengths, Fordham, in disgust, having eased the "General" in the last few strides. Time, 4 min 37 sec.

Mr. R. Ten Broeck's stable was represented in several races, two of which he succeeded in winning. As the particulars of the same may be interesting to American turfites, we here append them:—

*Wednesday, June 14.*—A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, 5 ft. with 50 added; three year olds, 7st 12 lb; four and upwards, 8st 9 lb; fillies and geldings allowed 3 lb; the winner to be sold for £200; T. Y. C 11 subs:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Troublesome, by Hobble Noble—Testy, 6 yrs, 8st 6lb | Fordham 1 |
| Mr. Saxon's Idle Girl, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb | Clement 2 |
| Mr. T. Wadlow's Danaus, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb | J. Grimshaw 3 |
| Mr. C. Glennie's Peignoir, 6 yrs, 8st 9lb | Edwards 0 |
| Mr. F. Fisher's Reindeer, aged, 8st 6lb | Hibberd 0 |
| Mr. J. Nightingale's Walloon aged, 8st 9lb | J. Nightingale 0 |

Betting: 5 to 4 against Troublesome, 9 to 2 against Danaus, 10 to 1 against Idle Girl, 6 to 1 against Walloon, and 7 to 1 against Reindeer. Troublesome, lying wide of his horses on the left, made the whole of the running, and won in a canter by a length; Danaus, who ran unkindly, a bad third; Peignoir was fourth, and Reindeer last. The winner was claimed by Mr. Saxon.

*Thursday, June 15.*—Second year of the Second New Biennial Stakes of 15 sovs each, 10 ft. with 200 added, for three and four year olds; three year olds, 8st; four, 9st 2lb; certain penalties and allowances; the second to receive 50 sovs out of the stakes; Old mile 61 subs.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. Ten Broeck's Jack o' Lantern, by Stockwell—Lurley, 3 yrs 8st 4lb | Custance 1 |
| Mr. Heathcote's Skirmish, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb | S. Adams 2 |
| Count de Lagrange's La Fortune, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb | J. Grimshaw 3 |
| Mr. Barber's The Clown, 4 yrs, 9st 2lb | Fordham 0 |
| Captain Gray's Audax, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb | F. Adams 0 |
| Lord Westmoreland's Indigestion, 3 yrs, 8st | Morris 0 |
| Mr. Naylor's Lazzaretto, 3 yrs, 8st | Challoner 0 |

Betting: 5 to 4 agst The Clown, 4 to 1 agst La Fortune, 6 to 1 each agst Audax and Jack o' Lantern, and 100 to 8 agst Indigestion. La Fortune made play, followed by Lazzaretto, and The Clown on the outside, the others close together, being headed by Skirmish. They ran in this order into the straight, where Lazzaretto disappeared from the front, and Jack o' Lantern joined La Fortune and The Clown. At the distance The Clown was beaten, and Skirmish took third place. Opposite the betting enclosure La Fortune rapidly compounded, and Jack o' Lantern, taking the lead, won cleverly by three parts of a length; La Fortune giving way to Skirmish in the last dozen strides, was beaten by a length for second money. Audax was fourth, The Clown fifth, Indigestion sixth, and Lazzaretto last.

### Cricket.

IMPORTANT CRICKET MATCH IN ENGLAND.

NORTH VS. SOUTH.

THIS match, which rivals in importance those played between the two great elevens, and which is contested by the two strongest teams that can be selected, was played at Lord's on June 12th, 13th and 14th, and resulted, as usual, in beautiful play all round. Want of space prevents our giving the details, but the score will be found appended:—

SOUTH.

| First Innings. | | Second Innings. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Humphrey c Tinley b Tarrant | 22 | c and b Tarrant | 31 |
| Jupp c Biddulph b Tarrant | 23 | b Tarrant | 17 |
| Bennett, run out | 100 | b Tarrant | 7 |
| Stephenson c Biddulph b Atkinson | 54 | st Biddulph b Tinley | 0 |
| Hearns c Biddulph b Grundy | 57 | run out | 9 |
| Mortlock, run out | 2 | run out | 8 |
| Griffith c Tinley b Shaw | 0 | b Tinley | 0 |
| Lockyer b Grundy | 6 | c Grundy b Atkinson | 13 |
| Lillywhite, jr., b Grundy | 7 | c Woolton b Tinley | 10 |
| Sewell b Grundy | 0 | not out | 51 |
| Willsher, not out | 0 | b Tarrant | 9 |
| Byes 6, leg byes 4, no ball 1 | 11 | Byes 6, leg byes 2 | 8 |
| Total | 282 | Total | 143 |

NORTH.

| First Innings. | | Second Innings. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Smith c Sewell b Willsher | 19 | c Griffith b Mortlock | 39 |
| Rowbotham b Sewell | 28 | c Willsher b Griffith | 14 |
| Shaw b Willsher | 12 | b Lillywhite | 2 |
| Daft c Lockyer b Lillywhite | 78 | c Griffith b Lillywhite | 5 |
| Carpenter b Bennett | 34 | c and b Mortlock | 3 |
| Tarrant b Griffith | 1 | c Jupp b Lillywhite | 2 |
| Grundy c Lockyer b Mortlock | 36 | c Mortlock b Griffith | 27 |
| Wootton st Lockyer b Mortlock | 5 | b Griffith | 19 |
| Atkinson b Mortlock | 12 | hit wkt, b Lillywhite | 6 |
| Biddulph, not out | 3 | not out | 5 |
| Tinley b Mortlock | 5 | b Griffith | 4 |
| Byes 5, leg byes 4 | 9 | Byes 2, leg byes 3 | 5 |
| Total | 242 | Total | 131 |

ANALYSIS OF THE BOWLING.

SOUTH.—First innings: Tarrant bowled 180 balls, 84 runs, 12 maidens, 2 wickets, 1 no ball; Wootton 60 balls, 32 runs, 4 maidens; Grundy 252 balls, 70 runs, 35 maidens, 4 wickets; Tinley 60 balls, 38 runs, 1 maiden; Atkinson 92 balls, 31 runs, 7 maidens, 1 wicket; Shaw 84 balls, 16 runs, 12 maidens, 1 wicket. Second innings: Tarrant bowled 200 balls, 51 runs, 29 maidens, 4 wickets; Wootton 56 balls, 26 runs, 7 maidens; Tinley 160 balls, 49 runs, 16 maidens, 3 wickets; Atkinson 18 balls, 9 runs, 1 wicket.

NORTH.—First innings: Sewell bowled 120 balls, 42 runs, 11 maidens, 1 wicket; Willsher 128 balls, 83 runs, 10 maidens, 2 wickets; Griffith 112 balls, 35 runs, 11 maidens, 1 wicket; Bennett 92 balls, 44 runs, 5 maidens, 1 wicket; Lillywhite 100 balls, 19 runs, 15 maidens, 1 wicket; Mortlock 88 balls, 30 runs, 8 maidens, 4 wickets. Second innings: Sewell bowled 12 balls, 13 runs; Griffith 84 balls, 43 runs, 6 maidens, 4 wickets; Lillywhite 156 balls, 50 runs, 17 maidens, 4 wickets; Mortlock 84 balls, 20 runs, 8 maidens, 2 wickets.

Umpires—Royston and Dean.

## BALL PLAY.

K

**Solution of Position No. 24--Vol. XIII.**

By A. Whellans.

| Black. | White. | Black. | White. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1..20 to 24 | 27 to 20 | 4.. 1 to 6 | 28 to 19 |
| 2..11 8 | 20 2 | 5.. 9 5 | 2 9 |
| 3..19 24 | 4 11 | 6.. 5 7, Black wins. | |

## THE RING.

DAVIS AT THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS, TUESDAY, JUNE 27TH.

The Californian Out of Pocket by his Exhibition.

*GOOD BOXING, BUT A POOR HOUSE.*

Old generals can tell pretty well what sort of a benefit this or that man is likely to have a week or so before the day it comes off, and in the present instance it ran in our head somehow that the Davis testimonial would turn out as it did, a failure. Although, it promises amount to anything, Davis probably had more reason to anticipate a good reception than any body who has been up for a benefit since last fall, we felt satisfied that the "word of mouth" from this man or that man, as to what they would do without putting up a nickle, would amount to little or nothing when the time came for these friends to show their hands. Nobody ever pretended to say that Davis was anything but an honest, straightforward, incorruptible man, and one who would fight as long as he was able to stand upon his feet—this was exemplified in his fight with Jim Dunn, when, completely blinded, he only asked to be put in front of his man and told when to hit, to face him every time, and he not only never consented to have the sponge thrown up, but had to push his seconds aside to get up and continue the battle when they insisted on his giving in of his own free will, which he was never known to yet. All this, however, appeared to have been forgotten and lost sight of on the night of his benefit, except by the little army of 300 good and faithful sports who were there—all with good wishes for Davis' prosperity, and better luck next time. True, the weather was a little against him, but it wasn't anything like as hot as the night of the Young Giant's reception. Again, a dollar is almost too high a figure for any man in this city to charge in such a big place as the Union Assembly Rooms, as it should be remembered the location is a far different one from the Stuyvesant, besides being hardly half the size, and the Broadway sports won't go out of their way to see anybody they've seen once before. If, when Davis' bill had been made out, instead of one dollar fifty cents had been the figure we are satisfied that the hall would have looked more healthy than it did. If Davis were not in actual need of the money it wouldn't have been so bad; but we happen to know that what with his late fight, paying most of his own training expenses, and the long sickness from which he is only now partially recovering, and no means coming in, he was really in need of every dollar, and in such a fix that only for that whole-souled big-hearted young fellow, Jem Colbert, it is doubtful whether he could have got his printing done or raised money enough to pay for the hall. This may hurt the Californian's feelings, and will certainly surprise his friends in the gold-bearing countries, but it is nevertheless true, and out of sympathy for the man we have said what we have said. It will be a good lesson to Davis, however, and ere long we shall find him, Phœnix like, rising up with new life and strength, as it is impossible to keep men of his calibre from taking an active part in the path laid out for them in the future.

Whoever was not there, Old Bill Tovee certainly was, and those who saw the Veteran that morning wouldn't have believed he had life enough in his body to undertake and carry out the laborious task of the M. C.-ship. An accident the day previous had pretty near disabled the old man, while giving a sturdy young sailor a lesson in the art of self-defence. Any other man except Tovee would have been in his bed instead of where he was—such things should not be forgotten. As usual, a couple of juveniles opened the entertainment, followed by a pair a little older, who served to pass away the time until Jack Turner, otherwise known as "Tightback," and a friend (which was Larry McCarthy, *alias* "Molineux,") appeared, when, as they were well matched in all respects, the set-to was about as good a thing as we've seen in a month of Sundays, with plenty of lively thumping and good science. Johnny Grady, the Connaught Lad, and Johnny Carman, the Pride of the 22d Ward, by way of variety, put up, and proceeded to knock the perspiration out of each other, in which they stood up toe to toe, hit away for dear life, and made a very fair set-to. The appearance of Mike Nunan, of Brooklyn, and Mike Coburn, of New York, was the signal for a general rush to see how they would make it, and canvas who had the best of it. While the South-Brooklyn man felt a little riled, the White House clerk, who cannot be expected to be fit for a lengthy conflict, by seeing the gas-lights put out so often, looked at peace with himself and the rest of mankind, and as a handsome mage had been erected at Davis' expense, all hands had a fine chance to see the rival encounter, Brooklyn vs New York. At first, Coburn made it pretty warm for Nunan, and got home some good home hits with his left duke much to the edification of the few Coburn men present, despite the desperate attempts of the Ballysmon hero and the "remarks" of Monsieur Darby. For a number of rounds things remained in this favorable state for Young Coburn, until he began to feel tired, when Nunan shook himself together and aimed some ugly-looking international thwacks, which sort of staggered Coburn, much to the delight of Brooklynites. Of course, it was Nunan's policy to keep it up as long as possible, and the longer he stayed on he imagined it would be all the better for him, but after the longest box of the evening, when they were ordered to wind it up, both were about on an equality. Billy McMullen and Pete Donohue (brother to Wilhelm Donohue, the Weehawken Sage, who spradles Dietch, drinks lager, eats switzer kase, and does other things like a regular Dietcher), just returned from Natchez, Tenn, had a merry little mill in regular orthodox style, with neither one afraid of a punch in the "Irish snoot," and consequently were good for all the slogging either one could inflict on the other. Peter and William used their hands like experienced and skillful generals. McMullen is the same party who fought Grady. The next match was a somewhat ludicrous one: it was between Matt Gebler and Johnny McGlade, the latter of whom felt very happy, and, as a natural result, they had a laughable time of it. Matt, with any other man of like dimensions, would have made things hum again, but with Johnny he didn't care to do much, for it was about all the latter could to keep his equilibrium. He fell down twice through weakness or something else, and the conflict wound up by McGlade's tumbling and rolling completely off the stage into the arms of the reserved seat cows, who didn't know what to make of it at all, at all. Those two young and brawney Fourth Warders, Mike Costello and Hugh, or "Butt" Riley, who have met before at Rockey Moore's, and talk of indulging in a glove fight some day when it gets a little warmer, went at it in such a bustling, ding dong style as to astonish both natives and foreigners—in fact, it was nothing but downright milling all through, neither one losing his serenity and neither one getting the worst of it. Connoisseurs of punches said it was equal to Donnelly and Cooper's famous picnic on the Curragh. May be it was, and then again may be it wasn't, but it was good, though, with a decided improvement visible in the movement of the close cropped young Student.

As Jimmy Elliott was in Philadelphia looking after Number One and his exhibition in that city, and Sir William Clarke, of Fort Hamilton, having met with a very severe accident a few days previous, this anticipated great boxing match didn't come off. Neither did Billy McLain have a chance to get square with the party who set-to with him at Elliott's benefit, although he came for that purpose, and felt a hundred per cent better in health than then, when he was downright ill, and his opponent knew it, but when the opportunity presents itself, it is expected that the boys will see a different affair from their last meet. There were others there willing to have assisted Davis by sparring, but as it was getting late and the people were pretty well satisfied, Bill Davis and Jim Dunn appeared for the wind-up. They only had a couple of harmless rounds, as Davis didn't feel well either in health or spirits; and with a benediction from Tovee the audience were dismissed. At some other time we shall see Davis to better advantage, when we shall say more.

THE ALBIONIC CHAMPIONSHIP.

Jem Mace, of Norwich, and Joe Wormald, for the Belt.

THIS TO BE MACE'S LAST FIGHT, WIN OR LOSE.

The match which was made on the 18th of May, between Jem Mace and Joe Wormald, for £200 a side and the Champion's Belt, goes on with the greatest regularity. Since the day of making the match, £10 a side have been staked fortnightly, and that amount will have to be forthcoming every two weeks till Friday, Aug. 11, when the same amount has to be made weekly until the last deposit of £20 a side, for which Mace has the naming of the time and place. The battle, it should be remembered, is fixed to take place on Wednesday, the 1st of November, within 100 miles of London, and as this is a match between Englishmen bred and born, and is to be fought in England, each man is pretty sure to have a fair show, and the best man will no doubt carry off the prize. As Wormald is a Lossdoner, nearly three inches taller, some ten or twelve pounds heavier, and ten years younger than Mace, and is withal a game young fellow, it wouldn't surprise us a bit if he came out of the fire with his laurels unscorched. No body pretends to dispute Mace's extraordinary scientific abilities, and if he only gets the lead on Wormald and keeps it, things may turn out in his favor. The latest news from London, as we learn by the *Sporting Life* of June 17, is that "a further instalment of £10 a side was placed in the stakeholder's hands on Friday, June 16, but Wormald's money came to hand so late that a forfeit was imminent. We would advise Joseph to be careful. Mace was in town yesterday, and looked all his most sanguine friends could wish, but Wormald did not show. The interest taken in the match, although at present but slight, is steadily increasing, and we have no doubt speculation on it will soon commence. The next deposit of £10 a side has to be made on Thursday, June 29."

WRESTLING MATCH

BETWEEN

BIG BOB AND DICK STORY.

On the 19th of June a wrestling match took place in Cleveland, O., for $100 a-side, between Bob Stanton, *alias* Big Bob, the Stone Cutter, and Dick Story, a bricklayer by trade. Both men have had many a bout together in former years; they are Englishmen, and hail from Westmoreland, but more recently from Canada, although they had not seen each other for some seven years, until a few days previous to the match. They were schoolboys together, and accidentally met at Mr. George Weatherhead's, on Saturday, the 17th ult., and over a mug of ale, in recounting incidents of their schoolboy days, as a natural consequence their numerous wrestling matches were freely discussed. In former years there had been but little difference between the two as to science and strength, but as it had been a long time since they had had a trial together, and each, in the meantime, won many matches against scientific wrestlers, they naturally became a little excited on the subject, and wished to test the matter as to who was now the better man. The consequence was, a match was then and there made, for $100 a-side, to take place on the following Monday, June 19th, to wrestle, backhold, or Westmoreland style, as they term it, best three out of five falls, Mr. G. Y. and Mr. Ed. C. backing Big Bob, and Mr. G. S. furnishing a $50 greenback on the part of Story, the other $50 Story produced himself. Both men were confident of winning, of course, but neither man was in condition. Of the two, Story had the advantage, if there was any, but Stanton was the heaviest, weighing 180 or 190 lbs, while Story weighed but about 155 lbs. According to agreement they met at Weatherhead's at the appointed time, at 10 A.M., and proceeded to the banks of the majestic Cuyhoga, or what is better known here as the flats, and selected a good place on the turf, and stripped for the contest. After each had obtained a fair hold, they made play, Stanton throwing his man after a sharp struggle of two minutes. In the second bout, lasting three minutes, Story threw Stanton, which made it even. After a short breathing spell they closed again, and this time Stanton threw his man a clever fall, time three minutes. Things looked dubious for Story, but he was as confident as ever. Full of pluck, they took hold once more, and after a severe struggle, and fine play, Stanton again threw Story, thus winning the match by throwing Story three out of four falls. Dick acknowledged the corn, and in the most honorable manner ordered the stakeholder to give up the money, but he was not satisfied with himself at least, so he challenged Bob for another trial, best two out of three (back hold), for a half dozen bottles of wine, which Bob promptly accepted, and after a brief rest, at it they went again, Story throwing Bob twice in succession, but not without the hardest kind of work; it was nip and tuck in both bouts, and they both certainly done better, showing more science, and struggling harder, occupying more time, &c., than in the former match. All passed off in the most peaceable manner, with no wrangling, as both men did their best to win, and did it fairly. Bob thinks he must have to reduce his weight several pounds, if not more, before he tries it on again, whereas Dick thinks he can throw any man of his weight in Cuyhoga County, best three out of five falls. Perhaps some one will try it on. So mote it be.

Betting on the Dunn and Davis Fight in Nevada.—When the first match was made between Bill Davis and Jim Dunn, and before the latter got that questionable forfeit, Geo Lammon issued a card offering to bet lots of money and a couple of mules on the man of his choice, which was Bill Davis. At first time nobody cared to go back on Davis, or else they all had great confidence in him and were all gaited one way. When the second match was made and the same offers made, Harry Gribben took it into his head to go a few dollars on the Brooklyn man, and while doing so several characteristic cards passed between Gribben and Lammon, a couple of which we segregate as specimen bricks. After the Davis man had shown his hand, the Dunn man speaks out thus:—

"In reply to Mr. George L Lammon's card of the 9th of May, he wanting to bet $200 or upwards on W. M. Davis, the Washoe Giant, as he terms him—I would wish to inform him that I will take him up as often as he wishes to go, according to his own proposition, and will meet him at Mike McCluskey's, between 10 and 12 o'clock to-day, May 16th. Harry Gribben,

'Brooklyn against the Deck.'"

And (the Davis man, in reply, spunkily sticks to his favorite until the Dunn man has gone his last dollar:—

"In the *Enterprise* appeared a 'Keerd' from Harry Gribben (with the above significant appendage—a very long tail like animal dragged), in which he challenged me to meet him at McCluskey's, when he would put up on Jim Dunn as long as I would go on Bill Davis. At the hour appointed I was 'thar'—put up my coin, five to four, until he got tired—bet him ten dollars against his hat, and had gold coin left which he couldn't take, nor get taken. I don't blame Harry for sticking up for his friend—rather like it, in fact—but, after his 'Keerd,' I thought he ought at least to bet even money, and not *petered* so soon. Geo. L. Lammon,

'Washoe against the World, and Davis against the Deck.'"

Such friends as these are friends worth having, and if Bill Davis fights again they will stick to him as they did this time, *nocem volens*.

Shooting Match between Johnny Devine and Tom Chandler.—The first named Hibernian chap, who is known in and about California as the Chicken, and who some months ago fought the bold Patsy Marley, 143 rounds in 3 hours, near San Francisco, has got himself into trouble by shooting Tom Chandler, another aspirant for buffing honors. The Chicken was to have been examined in the San Francisco Police Court on the 27th of May, on the charge of assault with intent to commit murder. Devine and Tom Chandler, both boarding-house runners, had a difficulty on Sunday, May 21st, in front of Jessie Richardson's saloon, corner of Front and Vallejo streets, when Chandler drew a knife on Devine. They met and quarreled again on the following morning, when Chandler struck Devine. The latter then shot him twice. One shot took effect in the left nipple, the other in the left arm. Devine's excuse was, he was sick and unable to defend himself without shooting.

Opera House Sports in Nevada.—On Sunday afternoon, May 14th, Barney Green and Mike Maloney had a glove fight at the Opera House, Virginia, which lasted eight rounds, both men exhibiting considerable skill, and getting as well pounded as they could conveniently with ordinary gloves. It is said that the parties are matched to fight for $500, in some spot outside of the State of Nevada. The fight to take place in six weeks from the date of their glove fight

The Patsy Foy and Brannagan Match Probably Squashed.—Owing to Foy's bondman having given him up on hearing that he intended skedaddling for Idaho, the match between him and Scotty of Brooklyn is probably at an end. Foy was indicted in the State of Nevada for his late fight with Harry Cooper out there. Those who know both men seem to think that Scotty overmatched himself in that race.


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Agents wanted. 4

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Horses trained and taken on livery. 7-

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This delightfully located GROVE, situated opposite FLUSHING BAY, is OPEN FOR THE SEASON, for the accoamodation of PICNICS, EXCURSION PARTIES, ET.
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Wines, Liquors, Ales, Cigars, and everything of the best quality.
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Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars of superior quality. Refreshments at all hours. MICHAEL TRAINOR, Proprietor. 2-tf

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The undersigned would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has taken the above named beautiful summer resort, which he has furnished and decorated in a style of comfort and elegance that will be found worthy of their patronage.
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, and CIGARS of the very best quality.
CHOPS, STEAKS, and DINNERS served to order.
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WEEHAWKEN, N. J.,
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## City Summary.

SATURDAY, July 1, 1865.

HAIL, July 1. All hail the advent of that month in which, many years ago, the declaration of American independance was framed, and all men declared free and equal, except the Niggers, as that great advocate of liberty, John Mitchell, would say. How are you, advocate of liberty? All hail July, 1865, when all men in this newly baptised Union *are* freemen, one and indivisible, and all that sort of thing. Gentlemen, we were about to inflict upon you a 4th of July oration, full of the usual eagles, stars and stripes, greatest country on the earth, etc., but we forbear. Let professional orationists have *that* field to themselves, while we talk of something less heavy, less tiresome, and more ful of the milk of human kindness, and consideration for your sorely-tried feelings. But as we were about to remark, all hail the new birth of the old Union—and long may she reign. *Vero-Licet.* [Latin—meaning, "Certainly, it shall be done."—ED.].....A philosophic writer—whose name, like that of the ambitious youth who set fire to the Ephesian dome, has escaped our memory—gained considerable newspaper notoriety by merely saying—"Let me write the songs of a nation, and I care not who make its laws." The inference we draw from this sage remark is, that he could make more money by writing Nigger songs and such like rhymes than by being a New York Alderman. Well, all we can say about it is, that the gentleman who writes our songs now has a good thing of it, judging from the great variety in such general use. We never knew our people to be so vocally inclined as they are at present. Everybody is on the sing. A few evenings since, one of those hot evenings in June which have made that leafy month so memorable this year, we sauntered forth for a walk, accompanied by a veteran, a young fellow of mayhap a score of summers' longevity —a veteran in the army of the Union, and whose voice, by-the-by, is *still* for war—we sauntered forth, with our tried and trusty friend. 'Twas in that walk that we became convinced that we are a musical people, and that as songists we stand alone. Wherever we passed, heard we voices singing the songs of the olden time, as well as those of the latter day saints. We found on a careful computation that two-thirds of the singers seemed to be greatly concerned about their mothers, judging from the sentiment of their songs; the vocalists were anxious to know "who would care for their mothers now" that "this cruel war is over;" others asserted in good round tones that they were "*lonely* since their mothers died;" some few, who appeared to be weary and wayworn, and whose mothers, probably, were out shopping, inquired in plaintive tones "What *is* home without a mother?" Others, apparently just convalescent, were pathetically crying, "Mother is the battle over?" and kindly adding, "Then, Mother, I'll come home to eat?" One or two were evidently anxious that their mothers should "reck them to sleep;" and one was telling of something that happened "On the field of battle mother." Not only do the soldiers entertain the most friendly feelings towards their maternal parents, but we observe the same opinions sung by lovely tongues at home. As we passed up Broadway, we heard "Gideon's Band" in front of Barnum's Museum, playing "Bully for you." A pretty waiter girl close by cried "Tell me where is fancy bred?" Our friend enlightened her by saying that she could get fancy bread, nicely varnished, at Dutch John's on the corner. In one block of nice looking houses in Broome street, we heard no less than twelve maidens industriously occupied in giving utterance to their feelings in pathetic ballads; and these were the songs we heard as we went "Marching on;" "What are the wild waves saying?" "When the swallows homeward fly? "Tell me where do fairies dwell?" "When the bloom is on the rye," "Why, oh, why, dost thou fly then from me?" "Good bye at the door;" "Come ye disconsolate," "From Greenland's Icy Shore." You may think we have fixed these songs in such nice order, but we hope you may never hear another song if we did anything of the kind. Even the little children are infected with the singing disorder; we noticed that the song most popular with them was "Green gravel, green gravel, you're grass is so green;" our friend alleges that he could not see any sense in it, for he never heard of green gravel before. We trudged along. In the Broadway underground saloons, there was most certainly an unusual dearth of lovers, for from nearly every entrance came the loud complaint "No one to love, none to caress;" our friend thought this rather strange, as he and his brother veterans had just previously been caressed out of numerous greenbacks. In a quiet and retired little confectionary shop in Canal street, was a lady behind the counter who had evidently seen better days, but disappointment must have blighted her young heart, for she was singing in very plaintive tones, "Where are now the hopes I cherished?" Our friend was of the opinion that custom had been slack with her, perhaps. A party we met serenading a beautiful young lady in Bleecker street, were lustily singing in chorus, "Would I were with thee," Our friend thought this rather too much of a good thing. Another party, apparently pious people, from the style of their get up, had their music books and lanterns with them; we followed after them; they soon stopped before a shoe store in the Bowery, and the first piece they sang, a very appropriate one by the way, was, "Where shall the soul find rest?" The young ladies of Fifth Avenue, and streets adjacent, having used up "Faust," were entertaining themselves with a variety of popular airs, prominent among which could be distinguished "The Captain with his whiskers," while a few of the delicate creatures asseverated a fixed determination to "hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree." An operatic young miss we heard operating on "Chained at last I find thee near me." Our friend informed us that it was a song composed by Jeff Davis just after John Mitchell was "brought in." We guess our friend is right, being a military man, and in the confidence of Jeff. In Fifth Avenue, also, we found many musical damsels addicted to "Kissing through the bars," while the servant girls below stairs rejoiced in "Folks that put on airs." A very pretty little child's nurse, as we passed, said, "I've something sweet to tell you." Our friend replied that he had no secrets from us, and that she could tell it before us. She called "Barney O'Toole," the coachman, to avenge her; he avenged her, and retired, having felt the enemy's position. "And thus we passed the time away," listening to "Moll and Bet, and Doll and Kate," and "all that happy throng," but ne'er a soul did honor to those old friends "Dandy Jim," "Zip Coon," "Old Dan Tucker," or "Lucy Long." They seem to have been laid on the shelf, like "The Contrabands," who "oft in the stilly night" pine for some "Lone rock by the sea," where they can "hold your horses," and "Root hog or die." Reaching Houston street, we entered one of those English chop houses which there abound. As soon as we got inside, we were greeted with "God Save the Queen," for which our friend returned thanks in a few telling remarks which brought down the house. Nothing seems to have occurred after that, and we *guess* we must have gone at once to "Home, Sweet Home." But if you want to hear singing, go the rounds some night as we have done, and you will come to the conclusion that we are a nation of singers as well as of soldiers.

WHALES!—Did you ever see a live whale? At Barnum's they have two white whales, supposed to have been caught on the coast of Labrador, and brought here at an enormous expense. It is less expensive to view these creatures at the Museum than to go all the way to Labrador to see them; and that's why Mr. Barnum has gone to the trouble of importing a couple of them. With the living alligators, the snakes, and wax figures, they help to make a very interesting group. The Museum is doing an immense business these 4th of July times.

BY THE following affidavit it will be seen that injustice has been done Mr Bandmann by Miss Krouberger, and the lady now retracts what she previously said. We alluded to the case in our last, and now, in justice to Mr. Bandmann, publish Miss Krouberger's retraction of the charges she is said to have made against him. Here is the affidavit:

NEW YORK SUPERIOR COURT.—Betty Krouberger vs. Daniel Bandmann.—I do hereby certify that the affidavit which appeared in the public papers in the order of arrest in this case, was signed by me without comprehending it, the same having been read to me in the English language, with which I am not at all conversant, and I regret the same was made public, as it contained many inaccuracies to the prejudice of Mr. Bandmann. The action was commenced by me out of revenge against Mr. Bandmann, and with a view of preventing his marriage. On mature reflection, I now regret the act, and have directed the action to be discontinued. Mr. Bandmann having on every occasion treated me fairly, honorably, and gentlemanly.

Dated June 24, 1865. BETTY KROUBERGER.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS have a good bill on, and, despite the many warm nights, are listened to by very large audiences. The ballad singing in the first part is really good, giving Messrs. Wambold, Paine and Shattuck ample opportunity to display their vocal abilities. The quartet is improving, and is now pretty well balanced. In the second part, the double song and dance of Cooper and Fields is good; they are clever in their line of business. Tim Hayes clog dance is another feature with the show. Mr. Hayes will shortly start out on a tour through the country. In the "Break Neck Act," Billy Birch creates considerable amusement. Charley Backus' imitations continue to please. Last week he gave imitations of James Wallack as the Iron Mask, and Maggie Mitchell as Fanchon. Both of these were very clever, and elicited considerable laughter. This party give a good show, and are rewarded with big business.

THE AGENCY BUSINESS, as now managed by Conner & Co., and Frank Edwards, in this city, is a great institution, both for managers and performers. Something of the kind has long been wanted here, for dramatic and music hall affairs have made great progress. The firms mentioned do business for managers and professionals in every part of the United States, and, we believe, are about to extend the sphere of their usefulness to foreign countries, especially with England, now that the telegraph promises to place us in quick communication. America will, no doubt, be visited by large numbers of performers during the coming season, since it is rendered certain that the rebellion is suppressed, and hostilities at an end.

MISS KATE REIGNOLDS, beautiful in face and form, and an actress of much talent, renews her acquaintance with New York theatre-goers on the 3d, at the Broadway, opening in a sensational play called 'The Angel of Midnight.' Miss Kate Reignolds is last from Boston, in which city she has made herself a great public favorite.

MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL has appeared at Niblo's during the week in her "Little Barefoot," and will close an engagement of ten weeks on the 8th of July. Although she has given us several fresh performances during this engagement, her Fanchon still has the call, that extraordinary characterisation being one of the most natural bits of acting we have yet witnessed.

MR. AND MRS. H. WATKINS terminated their performances at the Broadway Theatre on the 1st inst.

WOOD'S MINSTRELS, being in the occupancy of as cool and comfortable a hall as there is in the city, never find it necessary to close up for the summer, but give entertainments "all the year round." This troupe is well managed, and receives the patronage of many of our first-class citizens, their wives and children. The singing of the quartet is beautiful, the fun of the comedians is of the most hilarious character, and the Terpsichorean efforts of the dancers are timely and amusing. For the 4th of July holidays an entertainment of great variety is offered.

GEO. E. LOCKE was in this city the early part of this week on his way to his home in Dracut, Mass., where he intends remaining for the next three months. The Locke & Leighton Alliance is dissolved, and Mr. Locke will travel alone next season.

W. J. FLORENCE sailed for England on June 28th, in the steamship Scotia.

OUR COUNTRY cousins and strangers from abroad, must not fail to see "Jessie Brown," at the Olympic. There are some telling scenes in the drama which elicit the legitimate applause of the audiences which assemble at this favorite theatre. It is a great relief to the spectators when the Highlanders come to the "Relief of Lucknow," and "raise the blockade." "Jessie" can be seen all 4th of July week.

FEATS OF MAGIC will be performed this week at the Academy of Music, McAllister, the Wizard of the World, having secured that building for the purpose of giving a series of his peculiar entertainments.

THE WEEK ending July 8, is announced as the last of the engagement of Miss Hosmer, at the Winter Garden. During the time she has been before us she has exhibited many evidences of improvement, and if nothing else is gained by her metropolitan engagement but experience of the right sort, in the presence of critical audiences, that alone is of considerable value to her.

MISS LIZZIE WOOD still remains the star at the New Bowery. She opened there on the 26th ult. in "Mazeppa," and although a little nervous at first in the new line of business she has adopted, after appearing in this character two or three times, this gradually wore off. We were present to witness Miss Wood's impersonation of this character, which of late years has taken such a hold on the theatre-going public, and for which there have been so many aspirants in the histrionic profession. The lady is possessed of a fine figure, dresses elegantly, and in the combat scenes showed herself a complete master of the art—the only drawback at present is her voice, which is neither of sufficient compass or voluble enough to be thoroughly heard and understood, but this is a fault easily remedied, and as Miss Wood is an ambitious, well-educated, rising young *artiste*, a little tuition from a good elocutionist will soon efface all traces of the only drawback at present in her way. When it comes to the riding part, Miss Wood shows nerve and courage of the highest order, as in this particular instance, the Wild Horse of Tartary, by Mr. H. B. Gates' highly trained and spirited mare, Black Bess, is as near the realization of the "fiery, untamed steed," as any we ever saw, and in going up and down the runs, instead of a sort of dog trot, as most of the other Mazeppa steeds have, Black Bess with the lady secured to her back, rears, snorts, paws the air, dashes off at full speed, and does some exciting leaps which no other horse ever attempted in this city. So well does this faithful animal play the part, that the horse as well as its fair rider invariably comes in for a share of applause. In the "undress" costume Miss Wood wears a colored body dress, which looks decidedly more modest than some of her predecessors. Her attitudinizing is also very pretty. On the occasion of James L. Clute's benefit and the following evening, she appeared as Major Israel Putnam, in the grand national drama of "Putnam, the Iron Son of '76," and is the only female rider in this country who ever attempted and accomplished the great Putnam leap. In this piece the lady made a decided hit. On Monday night, July 3d, she appears in a fresh character, and after the 4th is to produce the new sensation horse piece entitled, "The Demon Rider, or the Devil on Horseback," written expressly for her by John F. Poole.

ARRIVED.—Mons. La Thorne and David Bidwell arrived in this city on June 30th, after a brilliant season in New Orleans at the Academy of Music.

MATED.—Daniel E. Bandmann was married in this city on June 22d, to Miss Alice Herschel, of Davenport, Iowa.

THE NEW BOWERY THEATRE will commence a summer season on July 10th, under the management of George C. Boniface, one of the most popular actors recognised by the boys on the East side. Mr. Boniface will do the leading business, supported by Miss Katie Estelle, a lady who is said to be exceedingly clever. Mr. Boniface has also engaged G. C. Davenport, the Irish comedian, as well as the valuable services of Mr. N. H. B. Clarke, who will manage the stage department. We trust that Mr. Boniface will meet with all the success which he deserves.

WOOD'S MINSTRELS will celebrate the 4th with a *matinee* performance, commencing at 2 o'clock, when a full minstrel entertainment will be given for the especial gratification of the younger branches of the family.

MRS. BROUGHAM ROBERTSON, wife of Captain James C. Robertson, and formerly the wife of John Brougham, and well known as an actress, died in this city on June 30th, aged 45 years, after a lingering illness of many months.

MISS EMILIE MELVILLE, the versatile actress and "Queen of Song," is at present' ufilling an engagement at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn. On the 2d inst., she appears as Pocahontas, ye gentle savage. Managers desirous of this lady's services, will consult our advertising columns.

A VERY SIMPLE and easy book for beginners on the banjo, has been issued by Messrs. Converse & Sivori, both excellent practical performers on that instrument, which will be found very useful. Another book containing nearly one hundred tunes fully explained, may be had from the same firm, as advertised in another column.

HARRY LESLIE, the fearless and intrepid American Blondin, was in this city last week, looking considerably tanned and weather beaten. He has accomplished the perilous feat of walking across Niagara Falls *a la* Blondin several times, and is to repeat the same on the 4th.

THE OLD BOWERY is to revive the successful pantomime of "Dame Trot" on the 3d inst.

MANAGER BUTLER is still running "444" to good business Notwithstanding the weather is very close about now for in door amusement, this little *bijou* place is doing as good business as any in this city, according to its size. The last performance this season will be given on the 4th inst., after which the company will go to Boston, and occupy the Museum for a short summer season, opening there on the 6th.

"ARRAH NA POGUE" will be brought out at Niblo's on the 10th, it not being quite ready for production on the 3d as expected.

## Dramatic.

IN WASHINGTON, the increasing warm weather has had a decided effect upon amusements, and business everywhere has been rather tame, says our correspondent, "G. W. H." "At Grover's, Mr J. C. McCollom, having recovered from his sudden attack of indisposition, the 'Corsican Brothers' was produced on June 23d to a fair house, Mr. McCollom performing in an excellent manner the difficult *role* of the twin brothers, supported by Miss Susan Denin, Mrs. Place, and every member of the efficient company. The piece was repeated on the 24th and 26th, when it was withdrawn to make way for the drama of 'Waiting for the Verdict,' which was performed to an audience decidedly more appreciative than large. I cannot let this opportunity go by without speaking of the really fine acting on the part of Messrs. McCollom and Hagan in the play last mentioned, the former gentleman sustaining the part of Jasper Roseblade, and the latter that of the villain, Jonas Hundle. Mr. Hagan, but a few weeks ago, came to us quite a stranger, but during the short time he has been here has won a host of friends. I must also mention Miss Susan Denin (Martha Roseblade) and Mr. J. W. Jennings (Jonathan Roseblade), who enacted their respective parts in a highly creditable manner. To-night (June 29th) occurs the farewell benefit of the leading lady, Susan Denin. She has selected a fine bill, commencing with the drama of 'Moll Pitcher,' in which she sustains her justly celebrated impersonation of the Witch of Lynn. Miss Annie Ward, from the New Chestnut, Philadelphia, puts in an appearance, and to add to the occasion, Miss Denin announces that a well-known resident of this city will appear and dance a hornpipe. On June 30th 'Our American Cousin' will be presented. It will be remembered that this play was on at Ford's on the memorable night of the 14th of April last. In my last I had only space to give a passing notice of M'lle Augusta. Readers of your valuable paper will remember that this lady's presence at Mrs. John Wood's Olympic tended much to the success of the 'Sleeping Beauty' which had such a brilliant run. M'lle Augusta is decidedly one of the most accomplished and artistic *danseuses* in the profession; she executes such *pirouettes* and difficult terpsichorean evolutions as always ensures the most intense applause. Her every effort is nightly *encored*, and she has already become the pet of the Washington boards.

Miss Fannie B. Price and Mr. D. Hanchett closed at the old Washington, on June 24th, appearing as Mrs. Haller in the 'Stranger,' and as Miami in the play of 'Miami, the Wild Huntress of the Mississippi,' and which has been condensed by this lady to one act. The Price and Hanchett engagement was not a success, although the programme was changed nightly with one exception. On the 26th, Miss Kate Denin, who by the way is an acknowledged favorite, as well as her sister Susan, made her bow after an absence of two years. She opened as Capitola in the 'Hidden Hand,' to a very fair audience, repeating the same on the 27th. On the 28th, by special desire, she appeared in her (?) impersonation of Lady Isabel and Madame Vine in 'East Lynne' and on June 29th the same will be repeated. Miss Denin is not very well supported; Manager Phillips has allowed his company to run down somewhat, probably on account of the near approach of the close of the season. Miss Denin is drawing fair houses, however; is deserving of it, and should receive much better support. I think this house will close shortly after the 4th.

AT THE MURFREES-BORO Theatre, Tenn., a farce company is wanted for a season of three months by Manager Thos. J. Riley. See advertisement.

THE NEW CASINO, Baltimore, Md., appears to have been recognised at once as a first class institution for the amusement of the masses, if we can judge from the tone of the Baltimore press, from which we make one or two quotations:—"THE CASINO.—Mr. Cavanagh, the manager of this place of amusement, feels elated at his success of last week, and desires to express his thanks to the public for their generous support. Miss Kate Leslie, Miss Hattie Hinckley, Miss Forbes, Miss Florence, Pete Lee, and a host of attractions, are at the Casino."—*Sunday American.* "THE NEW CASINO.—The opening of this new place of amusement has fully justified all the expectations and promises that were made in regard to it. The appearance of the place is very clean and neat, the audiences are respectable, and the performances of an attractive character. The best order and decorum are maintained, and the managers are determined to keep it so, that they may secure the public approbation and support. Next week, in addition to the regular company, several new performers of marked excellence will appear; and the sensational drama entitled 'Cudjoe's Cave, or the Battle Cry of Freedom,' will be given."—*Sunday Telegram.*

MR W. R. HAYDEN, a member of the Columbus, Ohio, Opera House company, was lately married to Miss Pauline Merritt, of Louisville, Ky.

THE ALEXANDRIA, VA., THEATRE is doing, it is said, a good business for this time of the year. On June 26th, Marietta Ravel commenced a star engagement, and appeared in a Spanish dance and upon the tight rope. The drama of "Simon Jennings," and the farce of "There's Luck in a Name," were performed. Marietta Ravel, on July 10th, commences at the Rochester Theatre, for two weeks.

MANAGER WILLARD was to take his annual benefit on July 3d, at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, and the occasion was announced as the last night but one of the present season.

LEO HUDSON was announced to terminate her engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on July 1st. On June 29th, she appeared as Narramattah in the "Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish" and as Mazeppa. Her farewell benefit took place on June 30th.

THE HOLMAN OPERA TROUPE, during their stay in Baltimore, gave an entertainment in the Jarvis Hospital before the sick and wounded solders. The *American*, of June 16th, publishes the following card, which we reproduce in our columns: "THE HOLMAN OPERA TROUPE AND THE SICK AND WOUNDED AT JARVIS U. S. A. GENERAL HOSPITAL.—Jarvis U. S. A. General Hospital, Baltimore, Md., June 15, 1865.—*Messrs. Editors Baltimore American*:—The entertainment of the Holman Opera Troupe came off this afternoon before an audience comprising at least *eighteen hundred* people. In a semi-circle fronting the stage were men in beds who were too ill, too weak, or two badly mutilated to walk. Behind these were the convalescents, seated comfortably, and evidently all agog for enjoyment; and intermingled with them were many of the best citizens of Baltimore, both *ladies* and *gentlemen*. The entertainment given was both pleasing and superior, and I beg that you will say so in the *American*. It is the universal wish here that you will do so. The benediction of the sick and wounded, who were so well pleased by the excellent performances of the Holmans and their assistants on this occasion, will surely follow all who extend the hand of aid, as they *must* the meed of admiration, to this estimable family wherever it may travel.

AN ADMIRER.

THE LOUISVILLE THEATRE will open for the fall season on or about the 1st of September, under the sole direction of Leo Hudson, the popular equestrian actress. Stars, as well as ladies and gentlemen for the stock, wishing to engage, will address the lady as requested in an advertisement elsewhere. A good stage carpenter is wanted.

THE CASTLE-CAMPBELL OPERA TROUPE was at Lexington, Ky., on June 26th and 28th, and was to be at Frankfort on the 29th and 30th, and go thence to Terre Haute for the 3d and 4th of July; Springfield, Ill., 6th, 7th, and 8th; Jacksonville, 10th and 11th, and Bloomington, 12th and 13th.

A DOMESTIC DRAMA, nearly completed, also a sensational play and an original comedy, are soon to be published by "Dramaticus." See advertisement in regard to the same in another column.

MRS. METHUA SCHELLER, who has been performing a good engagement at the Milwaukee Academy of Music, is well spoken of by the press of that city. On June 28th she was announced to appear with Mr. Bandmann in "Othello," for the benefit of the "Fair."

IN TROY, N. Y., show news of all kind, says our correspondent, "Mose" is very dull at present. Picnics, strawberry festivals, moonlight excursions, ice cream parties, etc., are the order of the day. On July 1st, a brief season of theatricals is to be inaugurated at the Griswold Opera House under the joint management of Messrs. Van Arnum and Stetson. "Don Cæser de Bazan" is the play selected for the opening night. The following comprises the names of the leading members of the company:—Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Stetson, J. P. Delmer, J. A. Graver, W. L. Higgins, and G. Turner.

THE THEATRE at St. John's, N. B., has been doing a good business, we are informed, since the opening. The pieces are said to be well put upon the stage, and Mr. Lanagan is well liked as a manager. Mr. and Mrs. Claude Hamilton are the stars at present. On June 21st "Follies of a Night" and "Four Sisters" were performed. Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Davenport are in the company.

THE HOLMAN OPERA TROUPE commenced an engagement at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, on June 26th, and appeared in the "Child of the Regiment" and "Dobson Bamboozled."

THOMAS M. PRATHER, who plays first low comedy, is desirous of engaging for the coming season. His advertisement will be found in another column of this issue of the CLIPPER.

THE MOBILE, Ala. Theatre is doing a fair business, with Ella Wren Blair as the leading attraction. On June 17th "Lucretia Borgia" and "Beauty and the Beast" were performed, and on the 19th, J. J. Wallace and Bella Wallace took a benefit and produced a new play called "The Child of the Battle Field," a drama written by a gentleman of that city, and said to be full of interest, startling tableaux, and dramatic effect. Mr. Bruce Putnam volunteered. "Pocahontas" was the afterpiece.

G. W. PIKE manager of the Portland, Me. Theatre, was up for a benefit on June 26th, on which occasion Mr. Wm. Warren appeared as Golightly in "Lend Me Five Shillings." Mr. G. W. Pike appeared as Toodles, and a young lady of that city made her first appearance on any stage, as Mary. Carrie Austin appeared in her Zouave Drill, and Sam Ryan was the Paddy in the "Irish Tiger."

ELIZA LOGAN BURT is the present star at the National, Cincinnati. On June 28th, the "Gun-Maker of Moscow" was performed.

SIDNEY SMITH and Stella Mason were the stars at the Columbus (Ohio) Opera House on June 26th, appearing in "Miriam's Crime" and "La Chalet." From Columbus these artists go to the National, Cincinnati, and then to St. Louis.

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM GOMERSAL have attracted good houses to the Academy of Music, Albany. Their impersonations of Mr. and Mrs. Peter White are very highly spoken of. On June 28th and 29th, they appeared in the comic drama of the "Little Devil," and the farce of "Blondin on the Tight Rope."

MCKEAN BUCHANAN AND DAUGHTER appeared in the "Octoroon" on June 28th, at the Metropolitan, Buffalo. Mr. Ben Rogers was the Salem Scudder. The Buchanans have been attracting good houses in Buffalo during the two weeks of their engagement.

HILL AND O'HARA'S dramatic company left Titusville, Pa., on June 26th, after a season of six months, to play a few nights at Plummer.

AVONIA JONES was playing the twelfth night of her engagement at the New Memphis Theatre, Tenn., on June 24th, and appeared in "East Lynne." On June 26th, "Games" was to be produced.

FORD'S WASHINGTON THEATRE, as it looks at present, is described by a correspondent as follows:—"I visited Ford's Theatre on June 27th, to take a last look before it is turned over to the Young Men's Christian Association. The building within has suffered severely by military occupation. Nearly every portable article has been taken away by the morbid curiosity seekers who have visited the place by military permission. The carpet on the stage where Booth struck as he vaulted from the President's box has been cut into several pieces and carried away. The box itself has not suffered much. The chair in which the President sat has been removed to the War Department. The sofa stained by Major Rathbone's blood is still there, as are also the flags, doors, carpets, etc. The locks have been restored, but the hole in the door, bored by Booth so that he could see the President and the condition of the box before entering it, has been whittled by the curiosity seekers, and the place in the wall dug out for the bar to fasten the box door has been enlarged by pieces of plaster being picked out. On the whole the building wears a desolate, mournful air, in keeping with the crime committed. The scenery, as placed on the fatal night, shows very clearly to the cool visitor now how very easy it was for Booth to escape. A jump and a run of forty feet with the turn of but one angle, and he was out in the open air. It could all be done in twenty seconds, and throws now some doubts on the evidence of those who say they followed Booth to the back stage door. The theatre hereafter is to be known as the 'Lincoln Memorial Temple,' and at an early day will be appropriately dedicated as such."

LEO HUDSON, who has been doing horse pieces at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, under favorable auspices, plays there for the last time this season on July 4th. From thence she goes to Louisville to superintend the redecoration, &c., of the Louisville Theatre, of which she has become the lessee, and make preparation for the fall and winter season. Referring to her performances in Boston the *Commercial Bulletin*, of June 26th, says:—"The Queen of the Mazeppas' has reigned triumphantly at the Howard over a goodly number of loyal subjects, who have bestowed the most liberal applause upon the 'terrific' combats, in which the swords and shields of the combatants strive vigorously to keep time with the energetic fiddling of the orchestra, and hail with delight the fearful ascents and descents of the steed Sensation and his fair rider. Miss Leo Hudson is a good looking female, admirably got up for the equestrian drama, and reads and acts with better judgment than most of her competitors in that line of business. The trained steed Sensation, probably in order to sustain the reputation of his title, pitched over on Wednesday night, smashing down trees and rocks regardless of expense, and tossing Miss Leo down about a dozen feet behind the scenes, to the consternation of the audience; but the plucky feminine emerged in a few moments, as good as new, and reassuring the audience that nobody was hurt, went cheerfully forward to destroy the Polish tyrant. This evening a strong bill is offered, embracing the ever popular drama of the French Spy, and some incidents in the life of that favorite cracksman, Mr. John Sheppard." In regard to her first appearance there the daily evening *Voice* of the 20th said:—"Leo Hudson, the daring equestrienne actress, made her first appearance last evening in 'Mazeppa,' before a large audience. Her brilliant horsemanship elicited thunders of applause, and nothing could exceed the enthusiasm she awakened. Leo is another Admirable Crichton. She fences with the skill of an expert swordsman, and manages a horse with the confidence and ease of a Rarey. 'Sensation' is not a tame, demure brute, but a wild, spirited animal, who looks as if he was as likely to spring into the parquet as up the steep ascent, which rises from the stage to a lofty height. 'Mazeppa' was so complete a success last evening that it will be repeated to-night."

BAYLESS & CLAPP are to manage the new place called the Rochester Academy of Music, which will be opened in the latter part of August.

COMBINATIONS are increasing, dramatically and musically. Among the latest is that of Emily Jordan and Frank Lawler. They propose starting out on a starring tour about the opening of September, under the management of A. W. Fenno.

ONE OF the early stars for the New American Theatre, now in course of completion in Philadelphia, is Kate Fisher, who has been engaged by Manager R. Fox to appear in her equestrian pieces. The New American has a fine stage for horse dramas. It was formerly known as the Continental.

THE ARCH STREET is the only theatre in Philadelphia now giving dramatic performances, the chestnut being occupied by Cotton and Murphy's Minstrels, and the Walnut is being remodeled. The Chestnut will probably resume its dramatic representations on the 10th.

SUBSCRIPTION LISTS, for the purpose of raising the necessary funds to pay for Ford's Theatre, Washington, are being started in the different cities. Jay Cooke & Co. are said to have subscribed $2000 to the fund.

THE BENEFIT recently given by the Chicago Dramatic Association for the Sanitary Fair in that city netted about one thousand dollars.

J. M. BARRON, of the Richmond Theatre, will be the walking gent at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, next season.

G. D. CHAPLIN has been secured as leading man for the new Pittsburgh Theatre.

MRS. AGNES PERRY was announced to perry grinate from the Pacific slope early in June, for the eastern cities.

LIZZIE GORDON, an actress well-know in California, having recovered from a long and severe illness, took a benefit on June 1st, at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco. Mrs. Campbell made her first appearance after an absence of four years.

SAILED.—Mr. and Mrs. Wilson (Mrs. Vincent,) of the Museum, leave for England in the steamer Asia, from Boston, on the 5th of July. Mrs. Wilson returns to her native land after an absence of eighteen years. Mr. B. F. Lowell, Mr. Jarrett's agent, and Mr. Arthur Cheney, also leave on the same steamer.

MAGUIRE'S ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE was in possession of the Academy of Music, San Francisco, up to June 2d. "Un Ballo en Maschera" was produced on May 26th, to an immense audience. Miss Adelaide Phillips was the Page Oscar; Sbriglia, Ricardo; Scencia, Amodio; and Orlandini, Reinhart. The same opera was repeated the 29th. A new season of twelve nights was inaugurated on June 1st with "Martha."

THE BIANCHI TROUPE were at last accounts in the second subscription season of Italian Opera, at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco. "Don Giovanni" was in rehearsal for production on June 5th.

DAN SETCHELL was, at last accounts, at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco. On May 22d "Babes in the Wood" was produced, with Setchell as Beetle, and enjoyed a run of three nights. The *Morning Call* of that city, says: "We do not aim to convey the idea that Setchell is eminently happy in all his personations. In our opinion his "Hugh de Brass" has been excelled within a comma of time, his "Paul Pry" surpassed within a semicolon of recollection; but after his Beetle and Captain Cuttle, we affix the and the "full stop" that implies no previous and admits no after superiority. In these—and doubtless in others of his prime specialities—he attains Burtonian rank." On May 30th he appeared as Toodles, and on June 2d took his first benefit, appearing as Tony Lumpkin, in "She Stoops to Conquer," and Poor Pillicoddy.

LOTTA commenced an engagement at the Metropolitan, Indianopolis, on June 27th, opening as Topsey, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin, to a crowded house. She remains there the present week.

MANAGER JOHN S. POTTER and his company, consisting of twenty-six members, were in the Boise Country, Idaho territory, early in June. The play of the "Hunchback" was performed, with Julia Dean as Julia, Mrs. Estelle Potter as Helen, Mr. Waldron as Master Walter, and George Pardy as Fathom. The expenses incurred by Mr. Potter in reaching Idaho, exceeded, it is said, three thousand dollars, and the prospects of the season seemed far from encouraging. Rents of the theatres are enormous, and the population of the cities scarcely adequate to the support of such costly managerial enterprises. It seems highly probable that some of the numerous adventures in the way of furnishing amusements to the citizens of Idaho, this summer, will prove severely unprofitable.

THE WOOD SISTERS have just closed an engagement at the Natchez (Miss.) Theatre.

THE KEANS opened at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, June 26th. in "Henry VIII" and the "Jealous Wife," and on the 29th appeared in "Hamlet."

MR. B. FREDERICK'S DRAMATIC COMPANY opened at Wheeling, Va., June 19th, and played during the week to good houses On the 26th the company commenced a second week, and opened in the "Cricket on the Hearth," with Edmund Coles as Tilly.

MRS. MARY STEVENS, well known in the West as M'lle Marietta, and a clever actress, took a benefit at the Old Theatre, Nashville, Tenn., June 26th.

KATE FISHER has been attracting excellent houses to the Front-street Theatre, Baltimore. On June 26th she appeared as Zamine, in the "Cataract of the Ganges," and as William in "Black-eyed Susan." The following evening she appeared as the "Three Fast Men."

OF MISS KITTY BLANCHARD the Louisville *Daily Press* of June 27th speaks in the following complimentary terms: "This beautiful and accomplished *artiste*, whose delightful impersonations of 'Fanchon,' 'Capitola Black' and 'The French Spy' have been filling the Louisville Theatre for the past two weeks with crowded and delighted audiences, has now entered upon the third week of her engagement. The success of this young lady has never been surpassed in the annals of the American stage. It is scarcely eighteen months since she made her *debut* in our city as an actress, although we had previously known her as a first class *danseuse*. We remember well the occasion and the piece selected; it was the protean farce of 'Our Gal.' We then predicted for her the bright future which she is rapidly attaining. On the opening night of the present engagement, curiosity was on tip-toe to see how one so young in the profession could adapt herself to the requirements of such a character as 'Fanchon.' It was a great risk for a young star, knowing that Miss Maggie Mitchell had identified herself in this city in the same character, and the result was most flattering. Miss Kitty surpassed the expectations of her most ardent admirers. We found in her the intellectual, pure-hearted, childlike and lovely Cricket. Fanchon is a most beautiful character, representing in every particular a diamond of the first water buried in obscurity, which, when discovered, shines with double lustre. From the moment she made her first appearance until the end of the performance, she enchained and subdued every heart present with the bright lustre of her genius—her beautiful and noble features assumed every phase of passion, from cloud to sunshine, from storm to stillness. Her festival scene was superb, also the scene in the third act with Landry, and the scene with Father Barbeaud, in the last act, we have never seen played better. The great beauty of Miss Blanchard's acting is the simplicity and tenderness with which she enfolds the character. Miss Kitty is a perfect jem, a jewel that glitters and sparkles, and fascinates. Her voice is sweet and pleasing to the ear; her enunciation is clear and distinct; her acting is natural, with none of that affectation that characterizes most of our young actresses; her figure is graceful, and her face sweet and engaging. We could say more and yet fail to do her justice. We trust the manager will repeat 'Fanchon' so that every person in our city may have an opportunity of witnessing it." The *Democrat* of the same date also indulges in the following eulogy:—"The engagement of Miss Kitty Blanchard has so far been the most successful ever played in our city, and there seems to be no abatement to the excitement, as the house was again crowded last night. To-night she will appear as Capitola Black, in the 'Hidden Hand.'"

THE ATHENÆUM, Cairo, Ill., will open for the fall and winter season on Sept. 4th, with a full dramatic company, under the management of Bailey Stephenson & Co. Ladies and gentlemen, as well as stars, wishing to engage, will address the managers as instructed in an advertisement elsewhere.

OF AMUSEMENTS IN MOBILE, ALA., a correspondent, writing on June 19th, says:—"Theatricals are brisk here, and through the adjacent country. Roig is doing remarkably well with his company here. He has some very clever people, among whom are F. M. Bates, Mrs. Bates, Mrs. Ella Blair (*nee* Wren), Oliver Wren, and B. F. Church, all of your city; Jas. Keith, comedian, Mr. J. Wallace, Mrs. Bella Wallace, Watkins, and Howard, and others of lesser note. The company labors under the disadvantage of having played here almost continually since the rebellion, and thus have lost much of their interest to our theatre-goers. Viewing them, however, in a strictly business light, they compose a good stock company."

THE MONTGOMERY (ALA.) THEATRE is open and paying well, although the performances are of rather a miscellaneous character, being made up of tableaux, concerts, and occasionally a dramatic representation. A good company, not too large, it is said, would pay well there, as the people bet high on "show fellers."

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ANY ONE having a Panorama of the Bible, or Pilgrim's Progress, can find a purchaser who advertises in this issue of the CLIPPER.

FRANK LESLIE, the well known ballad singer and late of Bryants' Minstrels, has left the burnt cork business, and parties wishing to engage his services will find his address in an advertisement in this issue of the CLIPPER.

A COMBINATION OF MUSIC AND MUSCLE.—The German singing societies throughout the country are on the move in reference to the great singing festival, which commences in New York on the 15th of July, to continue until the 22d. This festival takes place every four years, and it is supposed that the coming one will be on a much more extensive scale than any of its predecessors. It is said that some of the heavy choral pieces will be sung by not less than three thousand experienced vocalists, with immense orchestral accompaniment. Every specie of gymnastic exercise will also be indulged in. The following Baltimore societies have signified their intention of being present, with their flags and horns and full military band: The Baltimore Liederkranz, Arion, Harmony, Arbeiter Sœngerbund, Turner Liedertafel, and the Germania. These associations are making extensive arrangements for their contemplated visit.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE has been meeting with a good run of business of late. On June 30th, they were at Springfield, Mass., and were to remain on July 1st.

THE ART of jig and clog dancing is not only a very useful, but a desirable acquisition for any young man; and as it is half the battle to get a good teacher in the commencement, those desiring to learn should make a visit to J. H. Clifford, as instructed in another part of this issue. Clifford's book, Jig Dancing Without a Master, has, we learn, already had an extensive sale.

TOWAR'S NEW HALL, Lyons, N. Y., is reported to be a most institution well adapted for concerts, lectures, etc. It is well lighted, has a good stage, etc., and a seating capacity for 800. Managers should remember Towar's New Hall, when traveling in that part of the State.

## Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

MISS BATEMAN was announced to make her last appearance on the London stage at the Adelphi Theatre, June 24th, as Pauline, in the "Lady of Lyons."

ADELINA PATTI has still further ingratiated herself in the estimation of the Londoners. She has appeared with success at the Italian Opera House as Linda.

"WAR TO THE KNIFE"—a comic drama in three acts—has been produced at the Prince of Wales Theatre, London.

WALTER MONTGOMERY opens the Haymarket Theatre, London, July 29th, for a short season.

HUGH LEGGETT, a comic singer of London, died June 11th, in the Whitworth Hospital, Dublin, after a long and protracted illness.

JOHN COLLINS was at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, Eng., June 16th, and was playing Myles-na-Coppaleen in "Colleen Bawn."

DR. MOSENTHAL, who wrote "Leah," has a play called "Pietra" in the stocks for the London stage.

MR. SOTHERN seems to have achieved almost as great a success in his impersonation of "Brother Sam," now running in London, as he did in that of "Lord Dundreary."

MISS BATEMAN had appeared in "Geraldine," at the Adelphi, London, but the play did not appear to have warmed up the critics. Mr. Bateman appeared as David of Ruthven, and made quite a hit as a "great cuss."

THE LONDON DRAMATIC AUTHORS held their annual dinner at Greenwich, Eng., a few weeks ago, and took that occasion to present a silver inkstand to Mark Lemon "as a testimonial, not only of warm regard for his high literary abilities and genial social qualities, but also of gratitude for the signal service which, by his far-seeing and eminently practical counsel, he has rendered to his brother-workers for the stage." Tom Taylor made the presentation speech.

## AMUSEMENTS.

### NIBLO'S GARDEN. Commences at 8 o'clock.

Lessee and Manager..... WM. WHEATLEY.
THE COOLEST THEATRE IN THE CITY.
TENTH AND LAST WEEK
of the brilliant engagement of the charming young artist,
MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL.
Mr. Wheatley respectfully announces that, many requests having been made for a repetition of the beautiful, and poetic drama of
FANCHON,
he has prevailed upon MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL to renew her
ENGAGEMENT FOR SIX NIGHTS ONLY,
commencing on MONDAY next, July 3d, when, and during the week, she will appear as LITTLE CRICKET.
In the first act occurs THE GREAT SHADOW DANCE,
with its wild and weirdlike beauty.
Act II—THE FESTIVAL OF ST. ANDOCHE.
Act III—CRICKET'S REVELATION.
Act IV—THE DEPARTURE AND THE PLEDGE.
Act V—CRICKET'S TRIUMPH.
SPLENDID NEW SCENERY AND APPOINTMENTS.
Beautiful Music and Dancing. Admirable Mechanism, &c.
Seats secured six days in advance.

### BROADWAY THEATRE.

Manager.....GEORGE WOOD.
MONDAY EVENING,
July 3.
FIRST APPEARANCE
OF
THE BEAUTIFUL AND TALENTED ARTISTE,
MISS KATE REIGNOLDS,
IN
A NEW SENSATIONAL PLAY,
IN 5 ACTS, entitled
"THE ANGEL OF MIDNIGHT."
5 Characters by
MISS KATE REIGNOLDS.
THE ENTIRE COMPANY
and
SEVERAL NEW FACES
in the cast.

### WINTER GARDEN.

Manager.....MR. WILLIAM STUART.
Stage Manager.....MR. J. G. HANLEY.
LAST SIX NIGHTS
OF THE
GIFTED TRAGIC ARTISTE,
MISS
HOSMER,
who will appear on
MONDAY, July 3d.....as.....THE WIFE
TUESDAY, July 4th, as LUCREZIA BORGIA and JEALOUS WIFE
WEDNESDAY, July 5th.....in.....INGOMAR
THURSDAY, July 6th.....in.....FAZIO
FRIDAY, BENEFIT OF MISS HOSMER, THE LADY OF LYONS
SATURDAY, (last night,) as MARY TUDOR and JEALOUS WIFE
Supported by
MESSRS. BARTON HILL, JOHN DYOTT, and a full company.
Doors open at 7½; overture at 8.

### OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manageress.....MRS. JOHN WOOD.
Stage Manager.....J. H. SELWYN.
LAST NIGHTS
THE GREAT SCOTTISH MILITARY DRAMA,
founded on an episode in the Indian rebellion, entitled
JESSIE BROWN,
OR THE
RELIEF OF LUCKNOW,
presented with the same regard to completeness that has rendered famous the
SPECTACULAR DISPLAYS
OF THE
OLYMPIC,
THE TABLEAUX NIGHTLY ENCORED.
Concluding with the
GRAND CHARGE OF THE HIGHLANDERS.
NEW AND CHARACTERISTIC SCENERY BY HAYES.
The orchestra will perform the original music by J. P. Cooke, under the direction of THOS. BAKER.
Seats secured three days in advance.

### AMERICAN THEATRE.

444 BROADWAY.
Manager and Proprietor.....ROBERT W. BUTLER
CLOSED,
ON JULY 4th, 1865, FOR THE SUMMER SEASON,
After six years of
UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS
UNEQUALED IN THE ANNALS OF AMUSEMENT,
AND WILL RE-OPEN
ON OR ABOUT
AUGUST 14th, 1865,
During the interval
THE GREAT COMBINATION TROUPE
WILL PROCEED TO BOSTON,
AND OPEN ON JULY 6th
at the
BOSTON MUSEUM.
Where they will remain during the
SUMMER SEASON,
AND THEN RETURN TO THE SCENES OF THEIR FORMER TRIUMPHS. 13-

### NEW BOWERY THEATRE.

Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
Stage Manager.....MR. N. B. CLARKE.
SECOND AND LAST WEEK OF
MISS LIZZIE WOOD,
whose engagement has been a
MOST BRILLIANT ONE.
ON MONDAY EVENING, JULY 3D,
The Drama of
THE TWO HIGHWAYMEN.
MISS LIZZIE WOOD in the
PRINCIPAL CHARACTER.
After which,
THE RAGPICKER OF NEW YORK.
WALTER GRISDALE.....as.....THE RAGPICKER
To be followed by
ROBERT MACAIRE.
FOURTH OF JULY, TWO GRAND PERFORMANCES.

### EVANSVILLE THEATRE,

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.
Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged ability may address the undersigned with stamp enclosed. Season thirty-nine weeks.
12-3m MARTIN GOLDEN.

### TOWAR'S NEW HALL,

LYONS, N. Y.
This new and elegant Public Hall, elaborately frescoed and complete in all of its appointments, capable of seating 800 persons comfortably, is completed and open for Concerts, Lectures, &c. It is well-lighted with gas, has a stage of good length and breadth, and is furnished with convenient dressing-rooms, &c. Address "Towar's New Hall," Lyons, N. Y. 13.6m

### BANJO WITHOUT A MASTER---Very Simple

book. Mailed, price $1. Address CONVERSE & SIVORI, Teachers of the Banjo, 476½ Broadway. 13-1t*

## AMUSEMENTS.

### BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.

PATRIOTIC HOLIDAY WEEK.
TWO LIVING WHITE WHALES,
captured and brought to this city from the coast of Labrador, at an expense of $9000, are now disporting in the
MAMMOTH WHALE TANK.
COME AND SEE THEM while you have the opportunity, as
THEIR LIVES ARE UNCERTAIN.
AFTERNOON AT 3. EVENING AT 7½.
The modern emotional drama of the age,
EUSTACHE BAUDIN;
OR, THE PRIDE OF BIRTH.
The Great American
ONE-LEGGED DANCER, TONY DENIER.
W. B. HARRISON, COMIC AND EXTEMPORANEOUS SINGER.
MORNING AT 11,
PROF. COSPORESS, PHILOSOPHER AND MAGICIAN,
will perform his wonderful Feats of Magic.
LIVING ALLIGATOR, 20 FEET LONG.
A HORSE AND RIDER, ENTWINED BY AN ENORMOUS SERPENT, CONVERTED INTO STONE.
PROFESSOR HUTCHINGS, LIGHTNING CALCULATOR.
WOODROFFE'S BOHEMIAN GLASS BLOWERS.
A GLASS STEAM ENGINE IN MOTION.
FIFTY LIFE SIZE MOVING WAX FIGURES.
A PORTION OF THE CONNECTICUT CHARTER OAK, SEVENTH DISTRICT DRAFT WHEEL, FAT WOMAN, GIANTESS, CIRCASSIAN GIRL, LIVING OTTERS, SEALS, GRAND AQUARIA, A MILLION CURIOSITIES.
Admission 30 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.
INDEPENDENCE DAY, JULY 4th, PERFORMANCES NEARLY EVERY HOUR DAY AND EVENING.

### WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL,

514 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c.....HENRY WOOD.
THE BEST VENTILATED HALL IN THE CITY.
EXTRA ATTRACTION
For the
NATIONAL HOLIDAYS.
THE GLORIOUS FOURTH!
THE STAR TROUPE OF THE WORLD
In their
CHALLENGE PROGRAMME.
THE ROAD TO RICHMOND, FOUR CROWS,
MILLER AND HIS MEN, MAGIC ECHO,
THE NERVES, BOUNTY JUMPERS,
HAMLET, CHAMPION CLOG DANCE, &c., &c.,
Doors open at 7, Performances Commence at 8 o'clock.
JULY 4TH.
A GRAND MATINEE,
Commencing at 2½ o'clock.

### PROF. W. L. McALLISTER

THE RENOWNED WIZARD OF THE WORLD,
Opens at
THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, cor. 14th st. and Irving Place,
MONDAY EVENING, JULY 3d.
FOR A SHORT SUMMER SEASON.
For particulars see Programmes.
PROF. W. J. McALLISTER is the only living relative in this country of the late Prof. Andrew McAllister, and is in no way related to or connected with the arrant impostor, John Marr, who is now pirating his name under the assumed title of J. M. McAllister. 12-1t

### THE PET OF THE AMERICAN STAGE.

MISS EMILIE MELVILLE,
Surnamed the "Queen of Song,"
Is at present fulfilling a brilliant engagement at the
PARK THEATRE, BROOKLYN.
Her rendition of Marie, in the opera of
THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT,
was received by crowded houses with thunders of applause. In order to exhibit the versatility of this
BEAUTIFUL AND GIFTED ARTISTE,
she will appear on Monday evening, July 2, as
POCAHONTAS,
supported by a powerful dramatis personæ.
Managers wishing to engage this artiste for the fall and winter, to represent
FANCHON, JENNY LIND, COLLEEN BAWN, POCAHONTAS, CAPITOLA, &c., &c.,
will address AGENT,
13-1t Continental Hotel, 442 Broadway, N. Y.

### MURFREESBORO THEATRE

MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE.
Lessee and Proprietor.....THOS. J RILEY
WANTED IMMEDIATELY,
A FIRST CLASS FARCE COMPANY
For a season of three months, to whom good salaries will be paid.
Address THOS. J. RILEY,
13-2t Murfreesboro, Tenn.

### METROPOLITAN THEATRE,

DAVENPORT, IOWA.
Sole Lessee and Manager.....ALBERT A. WYATT
The Fall Season of this favorite theatre, the only one in the city, will commence on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th, 1865.
WANTED—A FIRST CLASS COMPANY, to whom liberal salaries will be paid, also, SCENIC ARTIST and PROPERTY MAN.
TO STARS wishing nights liberal terms will be offered. To those Stars particularly, having nights to spare between Chicago and St. Louis, Davenport offers an excellent chance of filling out time, as it is only 8 hours from Chicago and 18 from St Louis.
Those writing to the subscriber at Little Rock, and wishing to negotiate for Davenport, are invited to write again, as all letters received at Little Rock were turned over to the new manager.
Name what salary and business wanted; enclose no stamp, and consider silence a negative.
The undersigned will be in New York in person during the month of July to arrange Stars' time.
Address ALBERT A. WYATT,
13-2t* Care of Clipper office, New York city.

### TO MANAGERS.

The beautiful and accomplished Tragedienne,
MISS ELOISE BRIDGES,
supported by the talented young Tragedian,
MR. ED. R. DALTON,
are now playing a highly successful engagement at the Metropolitan Theatre, Rochester. Can be engaged through their sole agent, FRANK EDWARDS,
Theatrical Agent,
13-1tx 835 Broadway, N. Y.

### M. JOHN DENIER,

THE GREATEST SENSATION GYMNAST AND TIGHT-ROPE ARTIST OF THE AGE,
SURNAMED
THE KING OF TIGHT-ROPE ARTISTS,
is now creating the wildest excitement by his daring Gymnastic Feats on a Tight Rope 60 feet high. He is pronounced by the press to be the most daring and finished artist living.
He will perform in
LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., and ROME, N. Y.,
ON
JULY 4th.
Communications must be addressed to the Clipper office, N.Y. 1t*

### LOUISVILLE THEATRE,

LOUISVILLE, KY.
MISS LEO HUDSON.....Sole Manageress
The above establishment will open for the Fall and Winter Season of ten months, on or about
SEPTEMBER 1st.
Ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged ability desiring engagements for the season of 1865 '66, will please address
MISS LEO HUDSON,
69 North Exeter street, Baltimore, Md.
A GOOD STAGE CARPENTER WANTED.
13-tf STARS TREATED WITH.

### A CHANCE FOR THE PROFESSION.

CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL,
HARRISBURG, PA.,
FOR SALE.
This is the oldest established hall in the city and capable of seating 500 persons.
STOCK AND FIXTURES WITH A BAR, AND LEASE OF TEN MONTHS,
With the privilege of Renewals.
RENT OF HALL $50 PER MONTH.
Address JOS. M. LAWRENCE,
13-1t Proprietor Sportsmen's Hall, Harrisburg, Pa.

### TO MANAGERS.

MR. THOMAS M. PRATHERS,
WHOSE BUSINESS IS FIRST LOW COMEDY,
Is prepared to negotiate with Managers for the Fall and Winter Season of 1865 '6.
All communications to be addressed to
THOS. M. PRATHERS, Comedian,
13-2t* Louisville, Ky.

### WANTED--A GOOD BUSINESS MAN, with a cash

capital, to join the advertiser, early in the coming fall, on a traveling tour with a
WELL ORGANIZED
EQUESTRIAN TROUPE.
Also, a Young Lady capable of doing an ascension on the wire from the ground to centre pole. Must be good looking and prepossessing in appearance. Preference will be given to one having a good seat in the saddle. Or any young lady wishing to learn the profession, can do so by addressing
LEVI J. NORTH,
13-2t* Box 3876, Chicago, Ill.

### TO MANAGERS AND STARS.

ONE OF THE SMARTEST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL AGENTS in the country is now open for an engagement. As a newspaper man he has no superior.
STARS OR MANAGERS can now secure a valuable man.
Address FRANK EDWARDS,
Costume, Theatrical, Minstrel and Equestrian Agency,
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### MONS. ALEX. BOLDY,

BALLET-MASTER, COMIC PANTOMIMIST, AND DANCER, is now open to negotiate with managers. Has Music and all the paraphernalia for getting up Ballets and Pantomimes.
Address or apply to his sole agent,
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Costume, Theatrical, Minstrel and Equestrian Agent,
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## AMUSEMENTS.

### EMILY JORDAN & FRANK LAWLER

COMBINATION.
The talented and accomplished Tragedienne and Comedienne,
MRS. EMILY JORDAN,
in conjunction with
MR. FRANK LAWLER,
The popular young American Tragedian and Character and Dialect Actor, will commence a
STARRING TOUR
through the United States on the 1st of September, 1865.
☞ These distinguished and popular artists have just finished a highly successful tour in California, and are provided with a
BRILLIANT REPERTOIRE,
of new and original sensation plays, translations from the best French Dramatists, and Dramas of established reputation in addition to the
REGULAR LEGITIMATE DRAMA.
Managers and others interested address A. W. FENNO,
Business Manager for JORDAN & LAWLER COMBINATION,
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### MASTER JOHNNY MAYWOOD,

ETHIOPIAN COMEDIAN, SONG AND DANCE MAN, &c., is at present unengaged. Managers wishing to secure him will address JOHNNY MAYWOOD,
12-2t* CLIPPER Office.

### "TO MANAGERS."

THE YOUNG AMERICAN TRAGEDIAN,
"MR. CHARLES LOVEDAY,"
is prepared to negotiate for "six or twelve nights." His "repertoire" consists of Tragedy and Comedy; also, the great Sensation Pieces, "LORD DUNDREARY IN SCOTLAND" (written expressly for him), "TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM," and "WAITING FOR THE VERDICT." Address
W. R. HAYDEN, Agent,
12-4t* Columbus, Ohio.

### THE NEW CASINO,

LATE MELODEON, BALTIMORE, MD.
ROSCOE & CO.....Proprietors
W. B. CAVANAGH.....Acting Manager
A NEW MANAGEMENT. A NEW INSTITUTION.
RE-MODELED, RE-FITTED, DECORATED AND PAINTED.
OPEN FOR THE SUMMER SEASON,
WITH THE GREATEST COMBINATION OF ARTISTS IN THE WORLD.
THE COOLEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE COUNTRY, AND THE MOST MAGNIFICENT CONCERT HALL ON THE CONTINENT OF AMERICA.
DRAMA, COMEDY, FARCE, BALLET, PANTOMIME, NEGROISMS, and ACROBATIC ACTS.
Performers of ability will be treated with on liberal terms. Address the manager. 12-4t

### ETTIE HENDERSON,

COMEDIENNE.
Managers can secure this popular young actress for the season of 1865 '6 by addressing her agent, W. C. GALLAGHER,
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### TO TRAGEDIENNES.

FOR SALE.
Copies of the Four Act Sensation Drama of the "GIPSY GIRL OF GRENADA." with music, &c. Also, "GIPSY GOWER."
Apply to ETTIE HENDERSON,
12-3t Pittsburgh, Pa.

### TO RENT.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
CHICAGO, ILL.
DURING THE SUMMER TOUR OF
ARLINGTON, KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS.
THE ONLY THEATRE IN CHICAGO, WITH SCENERY, TRAPS, &c., now to rent. Address E. C. WRIGHT, Agent,
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### BUSINESS LETTERS FOR MISS CHARLOTTE

THOMPSON must be addressed to her residence, "Fruit Grove," Monsey, Rockland Co., New York. 11-6t*

### AUGUSTUS APPLEJACK, ESQ.,

will deliver his Humorous Lecture, entitled
"THE SEWING SOCIETY AT MRS SMITHERS,"
at People's Hall, Newburgh, Wednesday evening, June 28th, 1865. Parties wishing to secure his services can address him at the office of this paper. 12-4t

### KING AND WHITFORD'S

VARIETIES,
PADUCAH, KY.,
Is now open with a first class
VARIETY COMPANY,
consisting of the ELITE of the PROFESSION, and doing an excellent business.
Persons of acknowledged ability wishing engagements will address as above.
12-4t*

### C. AMORY BRUCE,

YE WORKING AGENT
AND MODEL ADVERTISER,
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1852. [12-4t] 1865.

### MOBILE THEATRE.---Ladies and Gentlemen of

ability wishing engagements for the Fall and Winter of '65 and '66, and other business communications, will receive attention by addressing the undersigned at No. 173 Bleecker street.
12-3t* T. B. MACDONOUGH.

### TO MANAGERS OF FIRST-CLASS THEATRES.

—A young lady of fine talent and good education, is desirous of becoming a pupil to some first-class manager. Address DAVIS & CO., Theatrical Agents, 116 S. Clark street, room 21, P. O. drawer 6390, Chicago, Ill. N. B.—None but responsible parties need answer. 12-2t

### ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN of acknowledged ability wishing engagements in this successful theatre for the next Fall, Winter, Spring and Summer seasons, making forty-six weeks, will address, enclosing stamp, JOHN. A. ELLSLER, JR.,
Manager and proprietor of Academy of Music, Cleveland, and Ellsler's Opera House, Columbus, O. 5-tf

### T. R. HANN

is open for an engagement for FIRST OLD MEN, ECCENTRIC and DIALECT parts, or HEAVY BUSINESS, with or without Stage management. Address Cairo, Ill., Box 145. 12-2t*

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OF COLORED MEN to form a MINSTREL TROUPE to go to Europe, and to consist of the following:—1st E flat Soprano, 2d E Soprano, 1st B Soprano, 2d B flat Soprano, 1st E flat Alto, 2d E flat Alto, Baritone, B flat Bass, E flat Tuba, Violinist and Pianist; must all be first-class performers. Salary from $25 to $30 per week, payable in advance. All communications to be addressed to WILLIAM SMALLWOOD, Green Bay, Wis. 13-5t*

### ATHENÆUM,

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BAILEY STEPHENSON & CO.....Proprietors.
The above place of Amusement, capable of seating six hundred people, will be rented to any respectable Troupe, from June 26th to Sept. 1st. Address
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made to order, for Exhibitions or Stores. For sale, a beautiful VENUS, as large as life—one of the finest models of beauty in the world. Groups or single figures for sale or made to order, from life or death. F. VANUCCHI,
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A PANORAMA OF THE BIBLE, or PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. Address, stating lowest cash price, Box No. 2,
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BAILEY STEPHENSON & CO.....Proprietors.
The above place of amusement will open Sept. 4th with a full and efficient Dramatic Company. Ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged ability may address, stating terms, &c.,
BAILEY STEPHENSON & CO.,
Box 1240, Cairo, Ill.
N. B.—First class Stars treated with on liberal terms. 13-tf

### FRANK LESLIE,

LATE OF THE BRYANTS,
having resigned his position in the
MINSTREL PROFESSION,
would state that any communication intended for him may be addressed to GEORGE S. WEEKS,
Care W. A. Pond & Co.,
13-1t* No. 471 Broadway, N. Y.

### BANJO WITH OR WITHOUT A MASTER

LARGE EASY BOOK, containing nearly one hundred tunes, fully explained. Mailed, price $1. Banjos made to order; popular Music of the day arranged for the Banjo. Address CONVERSE & SIVORI, Banjo Teachers, 476½ Broadway. 13-1t*

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MRS. E. MAGILL.....Proprietor
R. D'ORSAY OGDEN.....Manager
THE LARGEST AND FINEST APPOINTED THEATRE IN THE SOUTH.
OPEN
"ALL THE YEAR ROUND."
FIRST CLASS STARS negotiated with at all times on liberal terms through their sole agent.
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Costume, Theatrical, Minstrel and Equestrian Agency,
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### METROPOLITAN THEATRE,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
ERWIN & RAYMOND.....Lessees and Managers
WILL OPEN
FOR A SUMMER SEASON ON MONDAY, MAY 29th,
WITH A FIRST CLASS COMPANY.
STARS TREATED WITH ON LIBERAL TERMS. Address their sole agent
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### PARTICULAR NOTICE.

All parties indebted to the undersigned will please "pony up."
FRANK EDWARDS,
Costume, Theatrical, Minstrel and Equestrian Agency,
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## AMUSEMENTS.

### TO MANAGERS.

FANNIN AND CAPPELL ALLIANCE.
The popular young American Tragedian,
MR. J. T. FANNIN,
and the accomplished Tragedienne,
MISS CORDELIA CAPPELL,
can be engaged for the starring season of 1865 and 1866 through their authorized agent,
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Costume, Theatrical, Minstrel and Equestrian Agency,
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MR OR MRS. CLAUDE HAMILTON,
will for the present please address care of the Clipper Office, New York. 13-1t*

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The author of many highly successful pieces in England and America has, near completion, a DOMESTIC DRAMA; A SENSATIONAL PLAY; and an ORIGINAL COMEDY, which he offers to stars requiring pieces. Address, in first instance to
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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

EMPLOYMENT FOR
RETURNED SOLDIERS,
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AGENTS WANTED.
GREAT SALE OF JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.
THE ARRANDALE
GREAT GIFT APPROPRIATION.
Our agents are making from $5 to $30 per day, and we still need more. Late invoices from Europe have swelled our stock to over $1,000,000. A splendid assortment of
WATCHES, RINGS, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S JEWELRY,
OF THE MOST FASHIONABLE PATTERNS,
Selling at $1 each.
SEND 25 CENTS FOR A CERTIFICATE, OR $1 FOR FIVE, OR $5 FOR THIRTY,
and you will see what you are entitled to; or send a three cent stamp for our terms to agents, which are of the most liberal kind. Agents are presented with watches free, in addition to commission.
NOW IS YOUR TIME.
ARRANDALE & CO.,
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A CURIOUS BOOK for curious people Sent post paid for 25c
1-1t* by RICHARD PARKER, New York.

SHORT HAND WITHOUT A MASTER, by which the Art may be acquired in a few short hours. Sent post paid for 25 cts.
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### OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

D. G. WALDRON.

DANIEL GILMAN WALDRON is a native of New Hampshire, having been born in Wakefield, near the celebrated White Hills of that State, in the year 1833. Mr. W. is considered one of the best managing agents in the United States; he not only has a thorough knowledge of the geography of the country, and means of transportation within it, a perfect directory of all the popular hotels and halls, but has an affable and courteous business style peculiar to himself, which seems to win the admiration of all those with whom he becomes connected, in any manner relating to his profession. He has long been connected with the press. In 1852 we find him connected with the *Miners' Advocate*, a paper published at Coloma, El Dorado County, California, and in 1853 received the appointment of Postmaster of that beautiful mountain city. In the year 1856, Mr. Waldron purchased an interest and became one of the editors and publishers of the California *Spirit of the Times*. At intervals between the years 1856 and 1858, while traveling through the Golden State, furnishing editorial correspondence to the *Spirit of the Times*, he acted as manager of several first-class entertainments; and in 1858 he formed a copartnership with the Alleghanians, vocalists and Swiss Bell Ringers, who were at that time in San Francisco, and made a four years tour round the world. In the Hawaiian Kingdom and the Celestial Empire they were very successful, but not as much so as in South America, where Mr. Waldron's knowledge of the Spanish language became a great acquisition and valuable counterpart to his business talent. There, their entertainments proved a perfect novelty to the Hispano-Americanos, "whose souls love music as their lives." By Mr. Waldron's Yankee acuteness, ability to speak different languages, easy and polite manners, he succeeded in gaining audiences with the respective nobility and heads of the nations, which his troupe visited, and secured their attendance to the concerts, which in a very material manner aided the treasury, and from whom his company received the most flattering demonstrations of approval. Mr. Waldron has just returned with the company from a trip in the Western and South-western States, and from the flattering notices of the press and the plethoric pockets of the troupe, we know that with and through his influence they must have made, as heretofore, an entire success.

## PEDESTRIANISM.

PEDESTRIANISM IN MONTREAL.—On the 24th of June, the members of the Montreal Pedestrian Club assembled at their course, at the Victoria Gardens, to witness the races for their ½ mile and 2 miles' champion cups, which were won at a late meeting, the first by Porteous, the second by Cox, the runners having to win three times in succession before they can hold them. The races commenced at 6 P. M., and the evening being fine, there was a good gathering of the club, besides a number of outsiders. The first was for the ½ mile cup, single dash, Messrs. Pridham, Gordon and Massey entered against Porteous, the former winning at the last race. The boys having taken as good care of themselves as young "chaps" that "clerk" it all day can take, looked in very good condition. At the word go, Portey led off, followed closely by Pridham, Gordon and Massey bringing up the rear. This position they kept until nearly around the first quarter, when Massey gave out and Prid dashed ahead, passing the ½ in 1 m. ½ sec., but Porty soon regained the lead and kept it, winning the heat and race in 2:06¼, beating Pridy by 3 yards, Gordon being a good 3d. The next was for the 2 mile cup; Maltby (of snow shoe notoriety,) and Porteous entered against Cox, the holder of the cup. At the start Cox took the lead, followed closely by Maltby, with Porty close in the rear: this position they kept for the first half mile, when Porteous passed and ran the mile ahead in 5:08, then caved in, leaving it to Cox and Maltby to fight it out, Cox leading until they passed the mile and a half pole, when Maltby brushed by him, keeping the lead for a few yards, then fell back to his old posish, and just before passing the mile and three quarter pole he again took the lead, which he kept, beating Cox in by 30 yards; making the 2 miles in 10:22½. Summary: Two miles dash for cup. Maltby, 1; Cox, 2; Porteous, dis. Quarter mile, 1:13½; half, 2:31½; three quarter, 3:48½; mile 5:08; one and a quarter, 6:29½; one and a half, 7:50, one and three quarter, 8:08; two miles, 10:22½.

Maltby, the winner, is one of the best snow shoe racers in Canada, and has proved himself no "slouch" on turf, and it will take a good one to wrest the cup from him. Then there was a hurdle race, 100 yards, over 4 hurdles, which was won by Foster against three competitors.

SIXTY MILES PER DAY!—Elson, the pedestrian, has commenced his walking feats in Quebec, Canada. The *Mercury* of that city says he has undertaken to walk sixty miles a day for six successive days, and has already commenced the task.

JAMES ADAMS BEATEN BY JOE THE WALKER.—The match announced in our last between these walking celebrities came off as announced on the Fashion Course, L. I., June 27. It was for $200 a side, Jake Roome and others backing Pryor, while Jem Colbert and Dan Noble found the "stuff" for Adams. At the making of the match Lewy Beiral was appointed referee and stakeholder, and when the men showed on the ground Pryor was found to be the favorite, notwithstanding the great reputation of Adams. The rest is soon told, for Pryor shot right away from his opponent, and won by sixty yards. There was considerable growling by the losers, who assert that Joe didn't walk a fair heel-and-toe walk; but we believe all is now quiet, and the man who came in first has received the stakes. Time, 16min.

MATCH AT RACKETS.—Jim and Mike Coburn, the boxers, played a match game at rackets at McQuade's, 265 E. 12th street, on the afternoon of June 30, for $25 a-side, which was won by Jim, after one of the most exciting games witnessed there. The game stood as follows: 1st, Mike 10 to Jim's 21; 2d, Mike 19 to Jim's 21; and 3d, Mike 10 to Jim's 21, the latter winning all three games.

THE OSCEOLA CRICKET CLUB of Pottsville, Pa., has played three cricket matches recently, and won them all, the first with the Port Carbon Club, on June 19th, by a score of 104 in one innings to 34 and 42; the second with the Tuscarora, by scores of 42 and 57, with seven wickets to go down, against 72 and 26; the third against the Osceola, by scores of 65 and 17, with ten wickets to spare, against 33 and 36. Cricket is evidently looking up in Pennsylvania.

## AQUATICS.

### HARVARD vs. YALE.

An article appeared in the CLIPPER of June 3d in reference to the preparation of the crews of the above-named seats of learning for the forthcoming rowing contests that are to take place between them, to which one of the Harvard crew takes exception in the following terms:—

"*Editor N. Y. Clipper*—Sir: An article appeared in the CLIPPER of June 3d containing various information concerning the doings of the Harvard Crew. As this information may lead to false impressions, without doubting the authority from which it was obtained, I wish to state the facts of the case. The statements that this crew have an English trainer engaged, and that they have a shell building in England are both incorrect. An Englishman, who has had considerable success in England and Ireland with the crews which have employed him, offered some time since to take charge of the training of the Harvard during the present season. This offer, however, was declined, and at present there is not the slightest intention or thought of accepting it, or of employing any trainer whatever. If any one has either hopes or fears excited by expectations of a shell built in England, he may dismiss them at once. The shell which the Harvard Crew now use, and in which they intend to pull this summer, was built at Chelsea, Mass. So much for the English shell. A great deal was said at Worcester last July, complaining of the faint-heartedness of the Harvard Freshmen in not accepting the challenge of the Yale Freshmen. So much fault has been found with Harvard for want of "pluck" on this and other occasions, that it would be well to listen to the Harvard side of the story before it is acknowledged that that desirable quality is possessed by other colleges to the exclusion of the less fortunate sons of Harvard. Last summer a challenge was sent to the Harvard Freshmen by the corresponding class at Yale to pull them a six-oared race. This challenge was received only about two weeks before the day appointed for the regatta at Worcester, and tear the close of the term at Harvard and was for this reason declined. We wish it to be distinctly understood, however, that we do not consider this as a satisfactory reason by any means, inasmuch as we claim that they ought to have been prepared to pull even on this occasion. But as this was made the theme of so much abuse, the same class of Harvard (who are now Sophomores) sent a challenge to Yale early this season. This challenge has been declined on the following grounds:—1st, that they could not bear the expense; 2d, that the biennial examinations would require their

## AMUSEMENTS.

### To Advertisers.

We call the attention of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their business, wants, etc., to the following schedule of rates for advertising:—

Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line, a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

FRANK QUEEN
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, N. Y.

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J. W. Morse & Co.
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PARK THEATRE,
Opposite the City Hall, Brooklyn.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT, WITH A SUPERIOR COMPANY
In all the Standard Plays of the Drama. 12-4t*

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NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
This popular Dramatic Temple will be opened for the SUMMER SEASON, ON JULY 10th,
during which
A SERIES OF ATTRACTIVE PERFORMANCES
will be given under the management of the
FAVORITE AMERICAN ACTOR,
9-tf G. C. BONIFACE.

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SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
THE CELEBRATED
BIRCH, WAMBOLD, BERNARD & BACKUS'
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS,
FOURTEEN FIRST CLASS ARTISTS.
HELLER'S HALL,
585 BROADWAY, OPPOSITE METROPOLITAN HOTEL.
OPEN EVERY EVENING,
WITH AN ENTIRE NEW ENTERTAINMENT. 5-3m

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NEW CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE,
PHILADELPHIA.
COTTON & MURPHY'S
POPULAR
CALIFORNIA MINSTRELS.
THE CHAMPION TROUPE OF AMERICA.
SEVENTEEN TALENTED PERFORMERS,
endorsed by all who have witnessed their performances, throughout the New England States, and for the last
SIX WEEKS IN BOSTON,
to be the
BEST COMPANY NOW BEFORE THE PUBLIC,
will have the honor of appearing for the first time in PHILADELPHIA, on MONDAY, JUNE 26th, for two weeks only, with
AN ENTIRE NEW PERFORMANCE.
They will also commence a season at the HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE, BALTIMORE, ON MONDAY, JULY 10th, and continue until further notice. None but
FIRST CLASS ARTISTS
are attached to this TALENTED COMBINATION, and the Ladies and Gentlemen who may honor them with their presence may rest assured that they will witness an entertainment worthy the support of a musical public.
The following is a list of the performers now attached to this
MODEL COMBINATION.
BEN COTTON and JOE MURPHY,
THE GREAT HEROES OF MINSTRELSY;
MASTER BENNIE COTTON,
The Young Phenomenon;
W. H. LUIS, the Wonderful Soprano;
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R. TYRRELL and W. H. SMITH,
The Pleasing Vocalists;
J. TANNENBAUM, F. BLUM, GEO. CLARENDON,
GEO. ROSS, J. CROSHER, H. KOEHLER, H. BARKER,
THE BEST ORCHESTRA IN THE VOCATION.
COTTON, MURPHY & SMITH, Proprietors.
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THE MASTER BAND OF AMERICA,
THE MONITORS OF MINSTRELSY,
whose success during the past three years has been unprecedented. In every city hundreds turned away. They will have the honor of appearing for the first time in the metropolis
ON MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 12,
and continue every evening until further notice.
EVERYTHING NEW, FRESH, AND ORIGINAL.
SIX UNEQUALLED COMEDIANS.

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| SAM SHARPLEY, | S. S. SANFORD, |
| HUGHY DOUGHERTY, | CAL. WAGNER, |
| A. C. STONE, | MASTER ARCHIE SHARPLEY |

A SEPTET OF BRILLIANT VOCALISTS.

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| JULES STRATTON, | PROF. BLACKMER, |
| JOHN WILLIAMS, | THOMAS SEARS, |
| WM. H. CHAMBERS, | J. F. SULLIVAN, |

And the FINEST ORCHESTRA ever in a Minstrel Troupe.

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| RICHARD ESCOTT, | FRANK BOWLES, |
| EDWIN FRENCH, | WM. CHAMBERS, |
| JOHN MASTERSON, | GIL POND, |
| E. T. BLACKMER, | ALFRED STONE, |
| WM. T. SEARS, | JOHN AMBROSE. |

See the Programme. SAM SHARPLEY, S. S. SANFORD, } Proprietors.
SAM SHARPLEY, Manager.
CHAS. S. WOOD, Agent. 8-tf

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NEW AMERICAN VARIETY THEATRE,
WALNUT STREET, ABOVE EIGHTH, PHILADELPHIA.
Is now in course of construction, and
WILL OPEN FOR THE SEASON
DURING THE MONTH OF JULY, 1865, with a
FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY,
BALLET TROUPE, PANTOMIMIC CORPS,
ETHIOPIAN, GYMNAST ARTISTS, &c.
THE THEATRE WILL SEAT 3,500 PERSONS.
Ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged ability and experience, wishing to negotiate, will address Box 930, Philadelphia, Pa., naming salary, &c. Enclose no stamp, and consider silence a negative. R. FOX, Proprietor and Manager.
JAMES PILGRIM, Stage Manager. 2-tf

---

JOHN S RAREY,
The Tamer of Vicious Horses, is now on a traveling tour through the West, and will give Exhibitions in Theatres and Halls. Any person having VICIOUS HORSES
and will have them ready on the day of Mr. Rarey's appearance in town, can have them experimented upon
FREE OF CHARGE.
The most vicious horse tamed in a short time. Mr. Rarey will appear in the following places. Pittsburgh, Wednesday, June 28th, Thursday 29th; Wheeling, Friday 30th, and Saturday, July 1st; Indianapolis, Monday 3d, Tuesday 4th; Terre Haunt, Wednesday 5th, Thursday 6th; St. Louis, Friday 7th, Saturday 8th; Cairo, Monday 10th Tuesday 11th; Little Rock, Wednesday 12th, Thursday 13th, Friday 14th; Memphis, Saturday 15th, Monday 17th, Tuesday 18th; Nashville, Wednesday 19th, Thursday 20th, Friday 21st; Louisville, Saturday 22d, Monday 24th, Tuesday 25th; Toledo, Wednesday 26th, Thursday 27th; and Detroit, Friday 28th, Saturday 29th. 11-3t*

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LEAVENWORTH THEATRE.
MANAGER.....W. H. COOLIDGE
Ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged ability, wishing engagements for next fall and winter season, commencing on or about the 4th of September, will please address, stating salary, terms, &c. HENRY LINDEN, Acting and Stage Manager.
Stars treated with on liberal terms. 11-6t

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BOSTON MUSEUM,
BOSTON, MASS.
BUTLER'S
GREAT COMBINATION TROUPE
from the
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444 Broadway, New York,
will open for the summer season,
On Thursday, July 6th, 1865.
11-tf ROBERT W. BUTLER, Manager and Proprietor.

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$500 PRIZE PLAY,
MISS FANNY B. PRICE
will give the above prize for a first class Original Five Act Play. Authors will please forward their manuscripts as soon as they are completed. A selection by the undersigned will be made July 15th, 1865, and all rejected manuscripts returned. My location may be ascertained at all times by referring to the NEW YORK CLIPPER. All communications promptly answered.
11 4t D. HANCHETT.

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NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE.
The Stockholders of the New Memphis Theatre, having assumed the responsibility of salaries, and appointed W. C. Thompson their Legal Agent, are now prepared to negotiate with ladies and gentlemen of the profession for the season of 18 and '66. All applications (to receive attention) must be made by letter or verbally to W. C. THOMPSON,
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STARS negotiated with for the Fall and Winter season. 11 3t*

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WOOD'S THEATRE, Cincinnati; WOOD THEATRE, Louisville; NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE, and THEATRE, Nashville.—Ladies and Gentlemen of ability wishing engagements in any of the above Theatres, and First-class stars, will apply to W. C. THOMPSON, DUFFIELD & FLYNN, Managers, care of JAS CONNER & CO., 25 West Houston st., N. Y. 11-3t*

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NAT. HYAMS Second Low Comedian, late of Wood's Theatre, is now disengaged. Responsible managers wishing his services may address him, stating terms, care of Lipman Brothers, Cincinnati, Ohio. 12-2t*

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NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
SECOND WEEK OF THE SUCCESSFUL ENGAGEMENT
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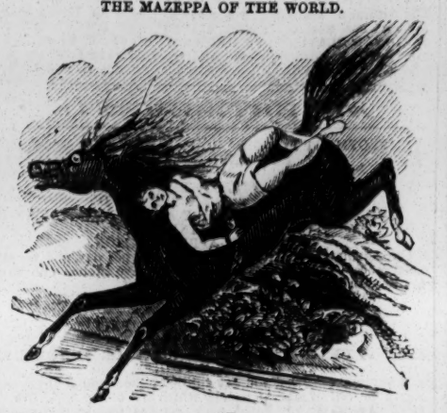
THE BEAUTIFUL, DASHING AND ACCOMPLISHED EQUESTRIENNE AND ACTRESS.

MISS LIZZIE WOOD

THE MAZEPPA OF THE WORLD.



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THE ADMITTED REALIZATION OF THE WILD HORSE OF TARTARY.
With the following repertoire of Equestrian Dramas:
THE BORDER SPY;
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THE TRAPPER'S LAST SHOT.
THE FOUNDLING;
OR,
THE WILD HORSE OF THE FOREST.
WILL BE PRESENTED DURING THE WEEK,
THE
GRAND ORIGINAL EQUESTRIAN SENSATIONAL DRAMA,
in Three Acts and Fourteen Tableaux, embracing Exciting Incidents, Startling Situations, Thrilling Scenes, &c., &c., written expressly for
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BY
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AUTHOR OF "THE GAELIC CHIEFS," "HERON, THE HIGHWAYMAN," "CHARCOAL MAN," &c., &c., entitled:
The Devil on Horseback;
OR,
THE DEMON RIDER.
Which will be presented in the most lavish style of expenditure, with New Scenery, Costumes, Music, Appointments, &c, befitting this, the
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NEW DRAMAS WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR MISS LIZZIE WOOD.
TOGETHER WITH
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STAGE TRAPPINGS NOT TO BE EQUALED.
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Managers wishing to negotiate for this accomplished actress will please address FRANK EDWARDS, Agent,
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Believing that I own the best Performing Stage Horse in the world, I hereby challenge any one for $100 or $1000, to produce its superior for high leaping, quickness in going over the stage runs, and for beauty and style. Address HENRY B. GATES,
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Owner of the CHAMPION MARE, BLACK BESS. 12

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MAMMOTH SHOW,
In the
ORIENTAL PAGODA!
This splendid water-proof Pavillion, seating
OVER TWO THOUSAND PERSONS,
will exhibit in all the principal cities.
THE EXCELSIOR BRASS BAND,
15 PERFORMERS,
in the beautiful "Band Chariot," drawn by twelve elegant horses, will make a
GRAND PARADE,
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80 HORSES AND MEN, AND BAGGAGE VANS,
on entering each town.
Admission..... 50 cents | Children..... 25 cents
Dress Circle, seats all carpeted..... 75 cents
The immense success and crowded and delighted audiences that have greeted
HOUDIN
everywhere, making it one triumphant ovation, and the vast space required for the
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has made it necessary to prepare a
COLOSSAL PAVILLION
to accommodate the people.
This splendid Show will visit all the principal cities and towns in Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, Ohio and New York, to give all an opportunity to visit the
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CAPTAIN HASKELL,
so long known and celebrated as
HOUDIN!!
THE WORLD-RENOWNED
AMBIDEXTROUS PRESTIGIATOR.
after an absence of eight years from the stage, will appear in his
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with his immense and brilliant
CABINET,
THE EXTENSIVE
PARAPHERNALIA, TRAPPINGS, ORNAMENTS,
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gotten up at the enormous outlay of
TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!
present to the public his
ORIGINAL GORGEOUS ENTERTAINMENTS,
As given in the
FOUR QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE,
Before the
CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE,
THE ASIATIC COURTS,
THE EMPERORS OF CHINA AND JAPAN,
(While an attache of the American Legation to China,)
THE SANDWICH ISLANDS,
and before eight hundred thousand of the sovereigns of America, in the
ASTOUNDING MIRACLES, ASSYRIAN INCANTATIONS,
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with his most extraordinary and mirth-provoking
VENTRILOQUIAL SCENA!
SIG. VIVALDI'S ITALIAN FANTOICENI
in their laugnable and wonderful performances, whose life-like motions and grotesque actions convulse the audience with uncontrollable merriment.
THE GREAT SECOND-SIGHT MYSTERY
will be introduced during the evening.
CAROLINE HOUDIN
will appear in her most insoluble and impenetrable wonderment, achieved solely by her inconceivable gift of seeing, completely blindfolded, at a distance from the audience, anything seen or touched by her father, outrivaling and eclipsing any effort of the kind ever attempted.
In conjunction with the above is CAPTAIN HASKELL'S COMBINATION TROUPE, in which are some of the best artists in the country,
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making it one of the best and most attractive shows now traveling.
Those having novelties, and first class Professionals desiring engagements, will be treated with liberally by addressing our agents,
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ELEVENTH STREET, ABOVE CHESTNUT,
PHILADELPHIA,
WILL BE RENTED
DURING THE SUMMER SEASON
to any
FIRST CLASS ENTERTAINMENT,
or engagements will be made with respectable and responsible parties.
TERMS REASONABLE.
Address or apply to J. L. CARNCROSS,
12-2t Eleventh Street Opera House, Phila.

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POOLE & DONNELLY.....Lessees and Managers.
PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Parquet, 25 cents; Dress Circle, 35 cents; Second Tier, 15 cents; Gallery, 10 cents; Orchestra Seats, 50 cents; Seats in Balcony Boxes, 50 cents; Private Boxes, $4 and $5; Seats in Private Boxes, $1.
OPEN EVERY EVENING, AND
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS,
WITH
A MAMMOTH VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT
BY
THE STAR TROUPE OF AMERICA,
A monster combination company, composed of
THE LEADING ARTISTS OF THE PROFESSION,
IN
A CONTINUOUS SUCCESSION OF NOVELTIES.
ARTISTS OF ACKNOWLEDGED POSITION can always find permanent engagements here. VARIETY STARS liberally treated with. 5-tf

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BISHOP'S COMPANY
AT
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BISHOP'S VARIETIES,
Opposite Post Office, Chattanooga, Tenn.
BRIGHAM BISHOP.....Manager and Proprietor
CHAS. B. REYNOLDS.....Stage Manager
J. B. HUNT.....Treasurer
PROF. EILMAN.....Leader of Orchestra
The Company at this place consists of the following artists:

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| WM. F. BUST, | T. C. MESSNER, |
| R. A. LINDSEY, | MISS LOUISE DAVIS, |
| JOHN MURPHY, | MRS. EMMA SPARKS, |
| JAMES JULIAN, | MD'LLE FRANCIS, |
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At the above place the legitimate theatricals take the lead, with a fine Olio to make up the "Spice of Life."
BISHOP'S COMBINATION MINSTRELS.
COR. OF GAY AND CHURCH STREETS,
KNOXVILLE, TENN.
BRIGHAM BISHOP.....Manager and Proprietor
EUGENE MAYWORTH.....Acting Manager
HARRY HAYDN.....Treasurer
EDDIE FOY.....Musical Director
This place is on its second month. Everything about it is NEW, and the very best accommodations for both audience and performers. The following people are to be seen nightly at this place:

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| DAN SHELBY, | CHAS. HAMILTON, |
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| JOE DAVIDSON, | WM. SPARKS, |
| PETER MARKS, | FERD. SPORER, |
| EDDIE FOX, | HARRY HAYDN, |

MISS MAGGIE NICHOLS.
GOOD MEN AND WOMEN ALWAYS WANTED—in any line. WANTED BY MAY 20th—A TIP TOP SINGING CHAMBER-MAID—Also UTILITY MAN, and a DANSEUSE. Application can be made to my agents JAMES CONNER & CO., New York, or BRIGHAM BISHOP, Lock Box 31,
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People must state Salary, with Fare and Board paid, and when they are ready to commence. 5-tf

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FIFTH STREET OPERA HOUSE,
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OPENED APRIL 24th, FOR THE SEASON.
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THE BEST ARRANGED MINSTREL HALL IN THE WORLD.
THE FINEST SCENERY, THE BEST LOCATION, AND THE ONLY COMPLETE ORGANIZED COMPANY IN THE COUNTRY.
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WANTED—A thorough STAGE CARPENTER, capable of making Tricks for Pantomimes, and for any branch of Minstrel Business for which tricks and properties are required. Salary not to exceed $20 per week. Recommendations required from responsible and competent judges. [5-3m] CHAS. A. MORRIS, Manager.

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BALTIMORE MUSEUM. BALTIMORE MUSEUM.
THE CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL AND THEATRE.
Notable engagement for eight weeks, commencing June 19th, of

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SENSATION DRAMATIST

Managers for the Summer, Fall and Winter Seasons can engage FITZ SIMMONS for two or four weeks by addressing
JOHN MILLER, Agent,
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Best line of sensation plays now before the public. As performed for weeks in Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburgh. 12-tf

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BAYLESS & CLAPP.....Lessees and Managers
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Ladies and gentlemen of known ability and experience desiring engagements will apply to S. M. BAYLESS,
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State terms and business. Enclose no stamps, and consider silence a negative.
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MRS. FRANK GRAHAM,
WITH THE MOST EXTENSIVE REPERTOIRE OF ORIGINAL PIECES OF ANY STAR TRAVELING,
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TO DRAMATISTS.
MRS. FRANK GRAHAM
WILL GIVE $500 FOR THE BEST ORIGINAL PLAY,
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who will also return the MSS. of unsuccessful competitors, and answer all correspondence in regard to the matter. 10-4t

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This new, splendid and commodious Hall, capable of seating over two thousand persons, is now ready for occupancy, and is offered for Theatrical and Operatic Performances, Concerts, Lectures, &c. &c., at most liberal terms. The "acoustic" of the Hall is perfect. For particulars apply to CHARLES KUPPER,
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THE LEVIATHAN TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
TWENTY-TWO PERFORMERS.
Will open at
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JULY 3d, 4th, and 5th.
FALL RIVER, 6th, and NEW BEDFORD, 7th, and 8th,
With an entire repertoire of novelty.
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ARMSTRONG'S
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This talented company will give a series of performances in the PRINCIPAL CITIES
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THE EASTERN STATES,
previous to their grand fall and winter tour.
All communications must be addressed to
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LAURA LINDEN,
LEADING AND LIGHT COMEDY LADY,
is now prepared to negotiate with responsible managers for next fall and winter season. Address
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TO MANAGERS,
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is now prepared to negotiate for nights. Address his agent,
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THE ART OF JIG AND CLOG DANCING,
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COMPETITION AND IMITATORS OUTDONE,
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BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE, AND BRASS BAND,
the model troupe of the world, consisting of twenty-five unapproachable, brilliant
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THIS MAMMOTH CORPS
OF
DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS
will the present season visit the Canadas, the great west, New Foundland, the southern states, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, the West Indies, and the entire New England states,
COMMENCING THEIR ELEVENTH ANNUAL TOUR
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| Manager...CHAS. H. DUPREZ | Musical Director....C. A. Boyd |
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Nos. 115 and 117 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.
C. M. CHADWICK.....Proprietor.
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The public and profession generally are respectfully informed that the
VARIETY THEATRE
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always presenting
THE BEST STARS
in the profession, in connection with a
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This is the only place of amusement of the kind
IN
THIS CITY.
Each evening will be presented an excellent and
ATTRACTIVE ENTERTAINMENT.
STARS
in every line of the Profession
liberally treated with.
N. B.—Parties writing to the
VARIETIES,
will please be particular in giving their address. 52

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BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS,
BOSTON,
Will commence their regular
SUMMER TOUR,
MAY 22d,
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NEW ENGLAND STATES AND NEW YORK.
During the vacation
THEIR HALL
CAN BE RENTED
TO ANY RESPECTABLE ENTERTAINMENT,
Except for
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THE STAR OF THE WEST.
This beautiful and accomplished
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to crowded houses, opening in FANCHON THE CRICKET. From thence she goes to Lexington, Ky. Managers wishing to negotiate with the above named lady, will please address
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POLAND'S VARIETY THEATRE, Nashville, Tenn.
T. W. POLAND & CO.....Managers and Proprietors.
S. T. SIMONS.....Treasurer.
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This beautiful Theatre, the most elegant of any in the Southwest, is now open, and will continue during the year with OPERA, BALLET, FARCE and MINSTRELSY. Artists of acknowledged ability, in every line of the profession, can secure limited or permanent engagements by addressing T. W. POLAND & CO., Box 178, Nashville, Tenn., stating line of business and lowest terms. 10-6t*

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MISS JULIA DALY,
THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN COMIC ACTRESS, AND DISTINGUISHED VOCALIST,
is prepared to negotiate with managers of first class theatres for engagements during the Fall and Winter season of 1865, '6. In her extensive repertoire are four brilliant comedies (copyrighted by her) never before produced in this country, viz.:
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IRISHMAN'S HOME,
FAST MEN OF THE TIME OF GEORGE THE SECOND, and
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In addition to these, her own comedy, THE FEMALE AMERICAN COUSIN, played by her seventy consecutive nights at the Theatre Royal, Adelphi, London; THE UNEQUAL MATCH, BLACK DOMINO, DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT, LIKE & UNLIKE, FOOL OF THE FAMILY, KATE KEARNEY, and many others.
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MANAGERS
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W. TENBROOK & SONS.....Proprietors.
AGENTS, COME AND SEE US. 3-tf

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N. B.—Concert Hall Proprietors will favor us with a list of their halls, rents, and license fees, etc. 3-tf

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who is greeted nightly with a flattering reception by the elite and fashion of each and every city visited by his
INCOMPARABLE TROUPE.
Will open for the summer season in Boston on Monday, June 5th, 1865, at MORRIS BRO'S, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S OPERA HOUSE.
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THE LARGEST AND HANDSOMEST HALL IN AMERICA
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A GRAND COMBINATION OF DRAMATIC EQUESTRIAN AND GENERAL OLIO PERFORMANCES.
STARS OF THE SENSATIONAL SCHOOL in any of the above lines may hear of good engagements by applying early as above.
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TWENTY-TWO IN NUMBER.
The above favorite troupe are now completing the fourth year of one continued season, which for popularity and success is unequalled in the annals of public amusement.
The manager has lately made some important additions to the company, still further tending to its improvement and perfection. His motto being—now that he has attained "the summit of success"—to remain there.
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Where he will give his personal attention to the production in any style, of all kinds of
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